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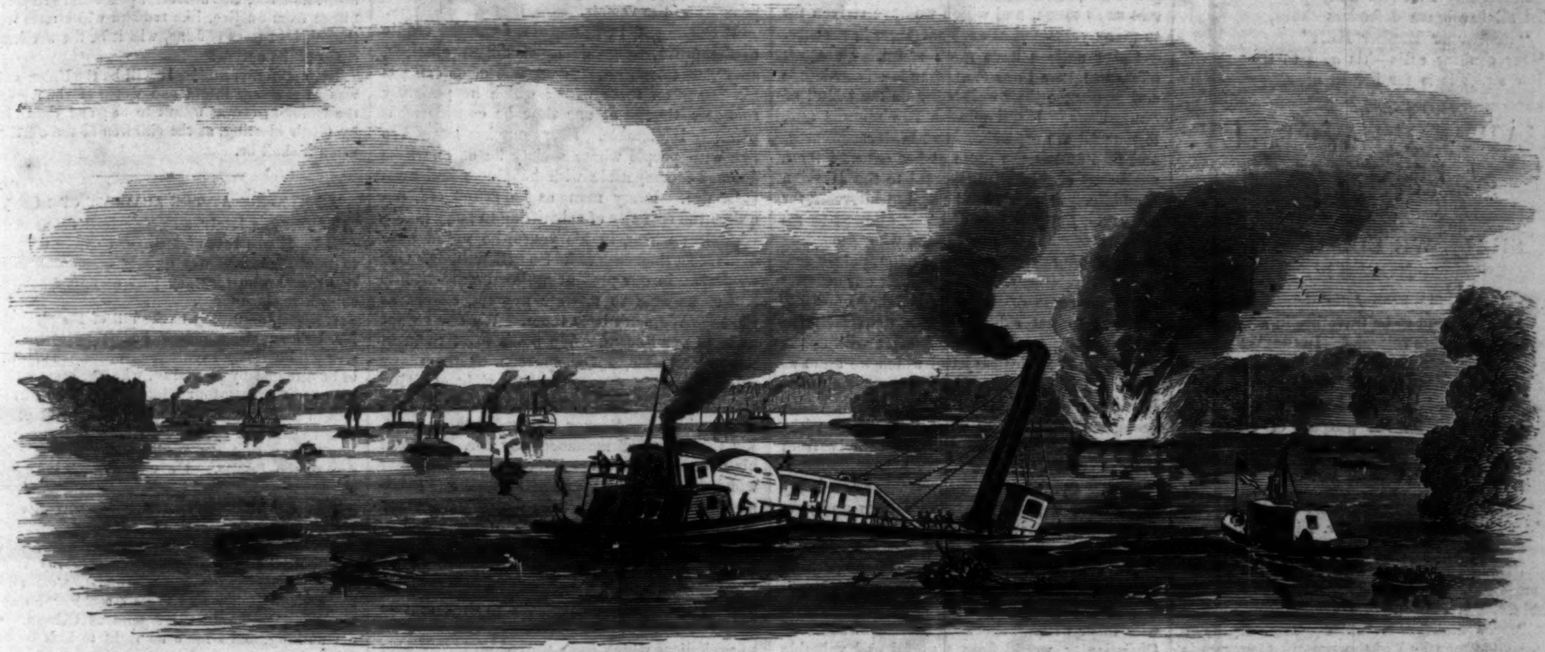
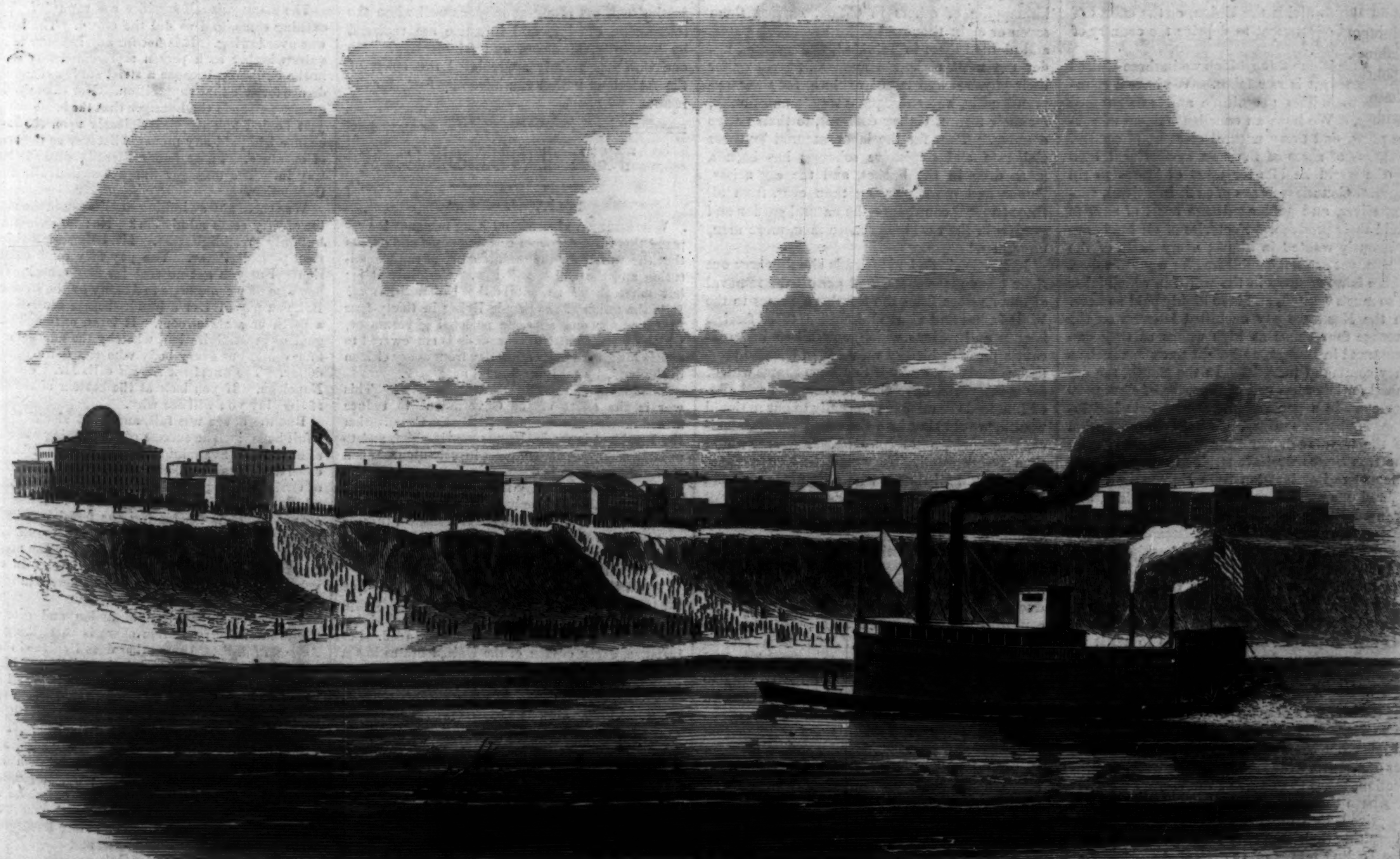

Van Dorn escaping.
Federal Fleet in pursuit.
Captured Rebel Sumter.
Beauregard sinking.
Jeff Thompson blowing up.

CLOSING SCENE OF THE NAVAL ENGAGEMENT BEFORE MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.—[See Page 411.]



COLONEL ELLET'S RAM APPROACHING THE CITY OF MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, TO DEMAND ITS SURRENDER.—Sketched by Mr. A. Simplot.

[See Page 411.]

BUNKER HILL.

June 17.

One patriot's name is on our lips,
  Who fell before the foe,
Upon the field of Bunker Hill,
  Eighty-six years ago.
His dying words we say again,
Still thinking of *our* heroes slain.

We have seen many a brave one fall
  Since we took up the sword;
Not dreaming how much blood would flow
  Ere peace should be restored.
We should not dare to count our dead,
But for those words that Warren said.

Then raise the Stars and Stripes to-day,
  New England, over thee!
Lift up thy head—once more give out
  The watch-word of the free!
Whene'er our country's foes are nigh,
'Tis sweet—'tis sweet for her to die!

Ay, wheresoever floats our flag,
  Beloved of Freedom still,
Let all her brave defenders shout,
  "Remember Bunker Hill!"
"Our country calls—'tis *ours* to try
How sweet it is for her to die!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 28, 1862.

SHALL WE CUT OFF OUR NOSES?

CONGRESS and the Administration of Mr. Lincoln seem to be traveling in a direction which must lead to mischief. In the Act passed by Congress for the collection of taxes in insurrectionary districts, a portion of the revenues to be derived from lands seized under the Act is to be appropriated for the purpose of exporting emancipated negroes to Hayti or Central America. Other Acts passed by Congress, or by one branch of the national legislature, indicate a similar purpose to expatriate the negroes as soon as they are freed. Mr. Lincoln has expressed the opinion that colonization should go hand in hand with emancipation, and Judge Montgomery Blair, a leading member of his Cabinet, has emphatically pronounced against abolition without colonization. The purpose of these statesmen and of the present Congress is evidently to get rid of the negroes as speedily as possible, and at whatever cost.

We wish to keep within bounds; but we think the future historian of the period in which we live will be somewhat embarrassed to decide which was the more insane, the conspiracy of Jeff Davis to divide the Union, or the efforts of the loyal Government to deprive the country of labor.

If there is one thing which we in these United States need, it is raw labor. We have a country of boundless magnitude and unexampled fertility. We have an excellent system of government, and every natural element of wealth. Millions of acres of the best agricultural land in the world lie idle for want of hands to till them. Countless mines of coal, iron, lead, copper, silver, and gold await the hand of man to yield their produce. Factories of all kinds are grievously wanted in almost every State of the Union, yet are not established for want of labor. There is no country in the world in which labor is so much wanted, and is so highly paid as here. In the North we pay unskilled laborers on the average four times as high wages as they can command in Europe, and eight times as much as they command in Asia. In the South, the demand for labor has raised the price of slaves 400 per cent. in a generation. Our whole legislation, for half a century, has been an expression of the popular demand for "more men." In the free States we have strained every nerve to encourage immigration from Europe; we have offered our public lands at nominal prices, and granted rights to squatters which enabled the veriest paupers to acquire homesteads; we have offered the privileges of full citizenship to every man who lived here five years, and in some States on even better terms than these; we have petted Germans and Irishmen, because we wanted their thews and sinews; we have framed our debtor and creditor laws so as to assist the needy; we have frowned down discussions of race and faith; we have done every thing, in fact, which could possibly be done to attract to the country men of every race and of every grade in society. So at the South. There the want of labor has been so keenly felt that for a quarter of a century the labor question which, in that section, takes the name of the slavery question, has been the vital, the only, question of the day. Deprived, by United States law, of the right of recruiting their supply of labor by immigration, the leading minds of the South have been exclusively devoted for twenty-five years to fostering its development at home. Virginia, Maryland, and Kentucky—which, had their own interests alone been consulted, would long ago have been free States—have been kept in the slave ranks because the great producing States of the South could not dispense with the annual supply of raw labor derived from thence. One by one all other political issues at the South have given place to the vital question of labor. This question at last, in 1860–'61, became so overwhelmingly paramount; the want of labor grew so imperative that the leading Southern States actually sought to sever the country in twain in the hope of escaping from the dangers which menaced their supply of labor, and of increasing that supply by immigration from Africa. In the words of one of the leading conspirators: "Cotton is King: when we have achieved our independence, we shall say to Europe, 'Without the slave-trade we can not grow cotton.' The Europeans will demur at first, but finally they will acquiesce, and we shall then receive more negroes from Africa than the North receives white laborers from Europe."

It seems hardly credible that in view of these facts, these necessities, and this policy uniformly pursued both by the North and by the South for more than a quarter of a century, it should now be gravely proposed by any person of responsibility deliberately to give away, or to pay for the privilege of getting rid of that labor which has cost us so much, and which we have striven for so many years and at such sacrifices to procure.

Other nations have more sense. Denmark offers to take all our contrabands off our hands and guarantee their well-being on the island of Santa Cruz. Hayti offered, two months ago, to take all the contrabands at Fortress Monroe, and feed and clothe them at her expense there until they could be transported to the Haytian Republic. Jamaica has begged at intervals, for six years, the privilege of being allowed to relieve us of some of our blacks, who, according to our leading papers and some of our politicians, are such nuisances. Venezuela is our earnest suitor for some of the surplus labor of which we seek to get rid. Other nations have, in various ways, testified their perfect willingness to pick up the priceless jewel which we seem so anxious to throw away. These regions—the Danish and British West Indies, Hayti, Venezuela, etc., etc.—know what it is to be without labor. They have suffered acutely from the disease of which we have merely had premonitory twinges and distant visions. They know what it is to see noble estates and gorgeous valleys abandoned to wild beasts, birds, and weeds, merely from want of labor.

An account of the efforts which have been made, within the past ten years only, by France, England, and Spain, to supply their colonies with labor without shocking the moral sense of Christianity, would form a useful and valuable historical volume. France has spent millions in Senegal, laid on lines of packets, and exhausted ingenuity in efforts to seduce negroes to the plantations on Martinique, Guadaloupe, Marie-Galante, and Guiana; England has kidnapped coolies in Hindostan, and winked at the kidnapping of others in China, carried them seven or eight thousand miles across the water, and planted them in Trinidad, Guiana, etc., under the most elaborate systems, providing for their physical and moral nurture, for their apprenticeship, and subsequent wages, and finally, for their return, if they desire it, to their native country. Thus far the labor secured by these elaborate and expensive schemes has been a mere drop in the bucket, and the cry arises, louder and more piercing than ever, from all these tropical countries—the natural garden and granary of the world—for more men, more men, more men!

If Mr. Blair and his friends should carry out their present purposes, and permit the removal of our negroes from the Southern States to the West Indies and Central America, those foreign islands and regions which now fill so insignificant a place in history would then become prosperous and rich, and our Southern States which, for many years, have clothed the world and added hundreds of millions annually to our national wealth, would sink into the condition of Jamaica, Venezuela, and Nicaragua. The case would then be reversed. It would be this country which would fill the air with cries for labor; and it would be the tropical islands and the adjacent [illegible] and which would claim to be the seat of commercial empire.

This notion of getting rid of the laborers at the South because their skin is black is merely a revival of the old prejudices of race which induced so many European nations for several centuries to enact penal laws against Jews and heretics. When Louis XIV. of France revoked the Edict of Nantes, and drove several hundred thousand of the best people of his country to America, England, and Belgium, he acted on precisely the same principle as Judge Blair. Experience shows, said his counselors, that Catholics and Huguenots can not live together in peace; one race must rule, and the other obey; hence incessant strifes and wars: for all which the only cure is the separation of the races. On the same grounds the Spaniards successively expelled, or tried to expel, from their country, Moors, Jews, and Protestants—with what fruit Spanish history tells loudly enough.

Says Mr. Blair: "The rebellion is waged not so much in the interest of slavery as from the innate horror with which the whites regard the black race, and their determination not to be placed on an equality with them. This feeling is not confined to the Southern States. The Constitutional Convention of the State of Illinois, following the example of Indiana, prohibits negro immigration within the borders of the State. The white people of the United States will not live side by side with black men as their equals."

The original of this doctrine may be found in any history of England. The sentiments of Mr. Blair are precisely those which the Norman Conquerors of England expressed when the Saxono churls first claimed civil and political rights. In fact, it has been the sentiment of every dominant race in every country at every time when its domination was called in question. When the French Revolution cut down the old nobility to a level with the people, the Marquises and Counts declared that it was utterly impossible that they could live side by side with their former vassals. If they had had the power, they would have proposed to export the vassals just as Mr. Blair wants to export our negroes; unfortunately, they were in so modest a minority that it was cheaper to export themselves; and they did so. But their children live comfortably enough side by side with the progeny of the vassals.

We have got, in this world, from the cradle to the grave, to go on unlearning prejudices, acquiring toleration. Every one of us can put his finger on some wrong which he patiently tolerates, though at one time he considered it perfectly intolerable. Every one has learned to live with people whose society he at one time deemed incompatible with happiness and even existence. Every man, as he grows old, acquires the capacity of submitting to petty inconveniences which, in his youth, he would have died rather than endured. So with nations. Our weakness, in our present national childhood, is not to be able to tolerate negroes, except as slaves. We can't bear them. We don't want them in our houses. We won't meet them in public assemblages, or concede to them any rights whatever, except the bare right of living and working for us, sometimes for wages, generally without. Sooner than suffer them to enjoy the rights of manhood, say Mr. Blair and his friends, we had better part with that labor which has been the foundation of all our greatness, and without which the fairest portions of this continent would relapse into a wilderness, the abode of wild beasts and savages.

We have got, North as well as South, to unlearn this silly, unchristian nonsense. It is our destiny, in the world's progress, to show that an educated and humane people can rise superior to prejudices which have proved an insuperable obstacle to the besotted planters of the West India Islands. It is our business to demonstrate that two races which have lived peacefully and prosperously side by side under a system which was a compound of the most brutal selfishness, the basest cruelty, and the most outrageous injustice, can get along at least as well when the selfishness, cruelty, and injustice are replaced by humanity, kindness, and fair-dealing. No one who has rightly appreciated the spirit of the American nation can have any fears for the result.

THE LOUNGER.

POLITICAL "GAG."

Whenever a vigorous military measure is proposed there is a cry from certain people and papers that the war is for the maintenance of the Constitution and the Union-as-it-was. Certainly it is; but what then? What is the Union-as-it-was? It is the union of the people living in thirty-four States under one supreme national government, which by the Constitution-as-it-is is empowered to secure obedience to its authority from every citizen in the land, by military force if necessary.

That is what the Government is doing. This war is the effort of the Government to reduce armed rebels to its authority. By the Constitution the President is made Commander-in-chief, and to use military power to suppress insurrection. When that military force is counted by hundreds of thousands, and confronted by hundreds of thousands of armed rebels, when bloody battles are fought, cities besieged, and a stern blockade established, there is war between the Government and the insurgents, who are at once traitors and enemies, and who are to be subdued by every means known to war.

When the Government acts under the clause of the Constitution which authorizes the military suppression of the rebellion, all constitutional rights inconsistent with a state of war are suspended. For instance, every citizen of the United States has a constitutional immunity against the taking of his life by the Government, except after due process of law; meaning indictment, trial, etc. But the Government took the life of Sydney Johnson, at Shiloh, without any indictment or trial whatever. Was it an unconstitutional act? Not at all. It was just as constitutional as the hanging of Gordon. For the Constitution-as-it-is authorizes the use of military measures, after due warning, as much as it guarantees individual life and liberty, and when the Union-as-it-was is restored, every citizen who has not lost his life by military necessity will enjoy all the civil guarantees for it.

And so with whatever else may fall within the scope of military necessity. By the late law passed in the House our army is to be fed at the expense of the rebels. Every citizen has a right to his own property, but the grain and the cattle of every rebel will be peremptorily seized and appropriated to the use of the Government wherever the army needs it. Does that interfere with the Union-as-it-was? No; it is simply an integral part of the necessary military operations to restore the Union-as-it-was. In like manner, the slaves of every rebel who have been used against the Government are liberated. Does that interfere with the Union-as-it-was? Not at all. It is only part of the constitutional means necessary to restore the Union-as-it-was.

By-and-by it may become clearly necessary to summon all loyal people to the defense of the Government, and to that end the slaves may be freed. Will *that* interfere with the Union-as-it-was? Not at all; it will be only another blow which may be constitutionally struck at the rebellion. It is true that in the Union-as-it-was there were slaves lawfully held in many States. So there were in the District of Columbia. But when the war is over, if it ends to-morrow, there will be no slaves lawfully held there. Must the District Slave-law be re-enacted, lest otherwise we shall not have the Union-as-it-was? If hereafter the American Government clearly fulfills the purposes for which it was expressly created, and every man subject to that Government enjoys the full liberty which the Declaration of Independence declares to be given him by God—if upon the continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the crack of the slave-whip is heard no more, and universal peace and prosperity bloom from Justice, like red and white roses from these bright trees of June, will it be the wreck and chaos of the nation?

No, and forever no! It will be the Union-as-it-was in the very intent and words of the fathers; the Union-as-it-was meant to be; and the Union, by God's blessing, as the children of those fathers mean it shall be.

AN EVENING AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

There was lately an unheralded début at the opera. It was that of a singer entirely unknown to New York, who was quietly announced in *Lucrezia*, and who sang the part as it has not been sung here since Grisi.

It seems, according to the bill of the play, that Mr. Ullman, the manager, had promised the pensive public thirty evenings of opera. They were to be directed by Mr. Grau, who, for some reason, gave only twenty-four while Mr. Ullman was absent in Europe. Upon the return of that gentleman he was met upon the wharf by the astounding intelligence that six evenings of opera were still due to the Public. He was overwhelmed with amazement. He had heard, of course, nothing of it. It was shameful. His honor was at stake. He must make reparation.

He therefore immediately prepared a programme of six nights. The best opera company in the country, Gottschalk and Hermann, were all to appear, and all for fifty cents a seat! "I owe it to the public," said the ingenuous Ullman. "I am nothing, and I have no right to look for any private advantage. I must sacrifice at fifty cents admission." He said in the bills that the performances would be accessible "to all classes." That was a mistake springing from his European habits. For an opera manager in this country there can be but one class, namely, those who pay to come in.

The manager's self-sacrifice was rewarded. The evening came, and so did the crowd. The house was overflowing. It is not for any Lounger to inquire whether each person represented fifty cents in the cash-box, because a strict survey of the audience forbade that supposition. Nor can any eloquence persuade the Lounger that the hands which just behind him clapped violently upon the least chance had paid any money whatever as the price of entrance. Those hands literally worked their way in. The manager was not swindled in that transaction.

Was there any swindling at all—say in the matter of fifty cents admission? No: no swindling, but only prestidigitation. Mr. Ullman is a theatrical prestidigitator. You pay fifty cents admission. But you get no seat for fifty cents! You pay also fifty cents to go to Albany by the steamer. But you pay fifty or a hundred more cents to get a berth or a state-room. It is an extremely ingenious prestidigitation, whereby the admission is fifty cents, but every body who sits down pays a dollar. The excellent *Herald* calls Mr. Ullman a Napoleon. If you look at the bottom of the bill of the play you will see why.

But the house was full, and what electricity in a full house! The success of the evening was sure after the first five minutes of the opera. D'Angri came dashing across the stage—the most masculine of Orsinis—and gave the performance an impetus which was felt until the end. How romantic the opera is! How fascinating the festal opening—the revelry—the gay costumes—the mysterious city—the gondola—the masked lady! The masked lady is Lucrezia Borgia. She is clad in red velvet with a black mantilla. She moves in mystery and delicious music.

In interesting variety of action and gloomy tragic intensity no Italian opera is so striking as *Lucrezia Borgia*. In no other does Donizetti seem so truly a master. Certainly in no other of his is there so continuous a flow of characteristic and delightful melody. The *débutante*, Mr. Ullman told us in the bill, had just emerged from a brilliant career in New Orleans. What if she had? That would not have counted here. But her admirable conception of the character—the freedom and breadth of her delineation—her pure, ample, and flexible voice, and her polished and exquisite vocalization, showed her at once to be the most excellent lyrical artist we have had since La Grange, and in many points—in repose and largeness of style—she is superior to La Grange.

The audience was cool, but evidently felt that Madame Borchard was satisfactory and successful. Why then was it cool? Simply because she was not beautiful. Had her personal equaled her vocal charms we should have had a heaven-shaking enthusiasm. Yet to an old stager (for there were doubtless such in the house!) it must have been consoling to remember, as some of her really fine points passed unrecognized, that *la diva*, Grisi herself, had endured the same reception in the same house.

Between the first and second acts Mr. Gottschalk prestidigitated upon the piano; and between the second and third Mr. Hermann upon handkerchiefs and huge rings. Each was a most perfect and most elegant legerdemain. Certainly neither Thalberg nor Liszt could do such wonders at the key-board as Gottschalk; and in the simpler passages there is a clear, sonorous precision in his playing which almost rivals Thalberg. It is inconceivable that any one should do more with the piano than he does. Yet doubtless we always interpret the character of piano-playing by our knowledge of the player. If we know him to be imaginative, generous, creative, simple, we find these qualities in his performance. If we think him shallow, conceited, sensual, then that is all heard at the instrument. The mere skill of the two players may be almost indistinguishable; but the spirit and effect of their performance are as different as simplicity and conceit.

Hermann is a master. He ought to wear a red skull-cap with a cock's feather. Then he would look the mysterious Mephisto he is.

MORE MEN.

THAT a nation entirely unused to war should make mistakes was most natural. But we have made but one serious, and that by no means irretrievable, mistake in ours. That was in declining the service of any man who offered. We have never had men enough. Perhaps we have had as many men as arms. But we might have had large reserve camps of drilled soldiers to supply the vacant places of the various divisions; and arms can be procured easier than skilled men, many and willing as they are.

It is not that we have not men enough to defeat the enemy, but we want to defeat them overwhelmingly and finally. M'Dowell and M'Clellan should have been reinforced without weakening Banks. His retreat, although masterly in itself and in no way disastrous, still lengthens the war. Hunter may capture Charleston, but more men would have made it easier. M'Clellan will probably take Richmond, but with fifty thousand more men the immediate capture would have had a moral effect in weakening the rebellion and in shortening the war, which it can not now have.

Of course it is easy to say "more men." But we shall be reminded that armies cost money. That is true; but in war speed is cheapness. A man will readily pay a dollar more fare if he can go to a place, transact his business, and return the same day, for he saves a dollar in his lodging. The nation is ready and willing to put down the rebellion speedily, at any cost, because it knows that cost now is saving in the end. Vallandigham and Co. talk about the extravagance of the Government because they want to paralyze our military operations by frightening people with the expense already incurred. The truth is, as a friend expresses it, "The People meant to finish up this war in one campaign, and they are ready to do every thing that is required for the purpose, and it will be the fault of our generals (political as well as military) if it be not done."

MR. COLLYER.

IN their late eagerness to prejudice the public mind, the newspapers which think that the valuable and lovely thing in American institutions is not liberty but slavery incessantly spoke of Mr. Collyer as Doctor Collyer or the Reverend Mr. Collyer. The intention was to make him appear a penniless missionary, a needy clerical adventurer, or impracticable visionary.

The truth is that Mr. Collyer is an artist of this city of great repute as a crayon draughtsman among all who are interested in art. His penciled female heads in past Academy Exhibitions have been justly among the most noted and admired. Just before the beginning of the war made upon this Government in the interest of slavery, Mr. Collyer, who is richer than many of his brethren of the pencil, was proposing to visit Europe with his family. But fortunately his wealth is not of one kind only. Hearing the call of his country upon all her children, and looking to see how he could most effectively serve her, he resolved to devote himself to the care of the soldiers.

It was in pursuance of this humane and patriotic duty that he was in North Carolina. The instruction of the friendless colored people was a service not less humane and patriotic, and he readily united that with his other cares. Like the noble Colonel Howland, of the 16th regiment of this State, who willingly turned away from all the ease and delight which wealth, cultivation, taste, and a generous soul secured, and whose late gift of a thousand dollars to the Sanitary Commission was but a single drop in the ample offering he has made to his country, Mr. Collyer is no fanatical enthusiast, or well-meaning inefficient brother, but an American gentleman, who gives his time, his labor, his talent, and his money, to the great cause of human liberty and enlightenment to which this Government was consecrated, for which it is struggling, and which is instinctively the cause of every gentleman in the land.

THE SANITARY SHIP.

THE noble work of the Sanitary Commission is deeply appreciated by the country. Its services to our soldiers have been invaluable. Its energy, faithfulness, and comprehensiveness in doing its work are among the most grateful and hallowed events of the war. Nor has the practical public recognition been either slow or niggardly. A great many thousand dollars have been gladly contributed, while loyal hands of innumerable women and children have been busily toiling to aid its work.

In expectation of the increased sickness of the season and of the crowds of wounded and suffering whom the imminent battle before Richmond will throw into its charge, as well as to provide still ampler accommodation for those already under its care, the Sanitary Commission has fitted up the first-class clipper ship *St. Marks* as a floating hospital or a transport for the sick and wounded, to be stationed in York River or Hampton Roads. The experiment of the hospital ship *Florence Nightingale* has been so entirely satisfactory that there can be no doubt of the wisdom and beneficence of this act.

It is another indication of the fidelity and sagacity of the Sanitary Commission.

ANOTHER TROLLOPE UPON AMERICA.

MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE, the pleasant and shrewd novelist, has been writing a book about us. It was known that he was here last year, and he did not disguise his literary intention. The work comes at last, and with a peculiar interest as the view of an unusually good-tempered Englishman, who has seen us and chatted with us during the war.

The book is evidently thoroughly English and really friendly. There is a blunt honesty in it which will not surprise those who have read his "West Indies and the Spanish Main," and there is that total want of enthusiasm which marks the true Briton. Mr. Trollope constantly talks of the war, and he understands much more than most strangers who write of it. He makes some capital social criticisms, and all he says is said with that easy, genial humor which disarms all suspicion of bitterness or satire. The work is very entertaining, as every thing he writes must be.

We speak from a taste here and there in various parts; but the flavor is excellent, and will go far to take the taste of the earlier Trollope book out of our mouths. Published by Harper & Brothers.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

OLD PROVERBS IN MODERN LIGHTS.

THE early bird goes to bed the earliest.

The wise child dies the youngest.

The rolling stone sees most of the world.

To be poor in purse and proud in heart is the highest proof of gentility.

Maidens—*à present*, young ladies—must be cool and forward; the want of ears to be made amends for by the length of tongue.

Would you be a great man in the world's estimation, never hesitate to tell a lie or be dishonest when you are pretty sure of not being found out.

Never pay what you owe; it is the height of snobism.

The gift of a slippery tongue makes a man more admired than a tenpenny income-tax makes him disliked.

Jones thinks that the adoption of crinoline has tended to keep marriageable young men on the outskirts of female society. No doubt, while the fashion lasts, milliners' bills must continue to be a good round sum.

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.—What is the difference between man and his mother earth? The latter shows its furrows in spring, the former his in autumn.

GREAT CONFEDERATE LOSS.—We fancy by this time that it must be loss of heart.

Any sort of lecture is a bore that tells you nothing but what you knew already, and if every preacher bore this in mind no congregation would ever be bored with a sermon. Some gentlemen denounce as a bore any speech or writing which informs them of what they don't want to know, and which, making them no wiser than they were, they ironically call didactic. What is one man's bore is another man's hobby. What a bore is music or poetry to a man who has none in his soul—that is to say, in his animal nature! Dancing is as great a bore to one man as moral philosophy is to another. Small talk bores some men worse than metaphysics or even than theology. The most insufferable of all bores are wife to husband and husband to wife, between whom the most ardent affection does not exist; but when it does they are tormented with anxiety on one another's account, and that is a bore.

NOTES BY A HORRIDLY SATIRICAL CREATURE.

Women first resorted to tight lacing to prove to men how well they could bear squeezing.

Tim works wonders on the faces of Mrs. Tittyvate's friends, but Time never touches Mrs. T.

How beautiful is woman when adversity frowns upon her sister! It is touching to behold the resignation with which a woman sees her best friend compelled, by circumstances, to put down the carriage and suppress her lady's maid.

Widows' Weeds are easily got rid of by planting a late variety of the *Seringa*—perhaps better known as orange-blossom.

Love at first sight often leads to marriage with the eyes shut.

When I see a bee in the cup of an orange-blossom, he reminds me of the day when the confectioner called for his bill for a certain wedding breakfast.

We are told that "Use is Second Nature." This may be the case with many, but we think with a rare number of people, inasmuch as our enemies generally exceed our friends, it should be, "Abuse is Second Nature."

A woman living up in Jackson County has lost, within eighteen months, two husbands. The first was a common farm hand, able to earn ten dollars per month—the latter, a mill-wright, who earned two dollars a day, but was killed the second week after he had got a steady job for a year. She said to a consoling friend the other day: "It seemed so hard to lose him, just after he'd got a good job, too!"

NELLY GWYNN'S FIRST LOVE.—"My first love, you must know, was a link-boy." "A what?" "'Tis true," said she, "for all the frightfulness of your *what;* and a very good soul he was too, poor Dick! and had the heart of a gentleman. God knows what has become of him; but when I last saw him he said he would humbly love me to his dying day. He used to say that I must have been a lord's daughter for my beauty, and that I ought to ride in my coach, and behaved to me as if I did. He, poor boy, would light me and my mother home, when we had sold our oranges, to our lodgings in Lewkenor's Lane, as if we had been ladies of the land. He said he never felt easy for the evening till he had asked me how I did; then he went gayly about his work, and if he saw us housed at night he slept like a prince. I shall never forget when he came flushing and stammering, and drew out of his pocket a pair of worsted stockings which he brought for my naked feet. It was bitter cold weather, and I had chilblains, which made me hobble about till I cried; and what does poor Richard do but work hard like a horse, and buy me these worsted stockings. My mother bade him put them on; and so he did, and his warm tears fell on my chilblains, and he said he should be the happiest lord on earth if the stockings did me any good."

A lazy fellow begged alms, saying that he could not find bread for his family. "Nor I," replied an industrious mechanic; "I am obliged to work for it."

The following epitaph is on a tombstone in Berkeley church-yard. The subject of it died in June, 1725, aged 63 years:

Here lies the Earl of Suffolk's fool;
  Men called him Dicky Pearse:
His folly served to make folks laugh
  When wit and mirth were scarce.
Poor Dick, alas! is dead and gone;
  What signifies to cry?
Dickys enough are still behind
  To laugh at by-and-by.

Why can not two slender persons ever become great friends? Because they will always be slight acquaintance.

A man may be called poverty-stricken when knocked down by a beggar.

"What was the matter with Brown who died yesterday?" "Oh, he drank too much beer; that's what *aled* him."

We are told to have hope and trust, but what's a poor fellow to do when he can no longer get any trust?

Why is a man who beats his wife like an exquisitely formed dog? Because he's a perfect brute.

When is a boy more than a boy? When he is a lad-der.

A young man who was desirous of marrying the daughter of a well-known Boston merchant, after many attempts to broach the subject to the old gentleman, in a very stuttering manner commenced, "Mr. Owen, are you willing to let me have your daughter Jane?" "Of course I am," replied the old man; "and I wish you would get some other likely fellows to marry the rest of them."

The individual who broke the ice by his speech was drowned by applause.

A countryman recently came to town to purchase an article of household necessity, and in passing a music-shop observed "All sorts of wind instruments for sale here." He forthwith stepped in and asked for a *pair of bellows.*

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Tuesday, June 10, in the Senate, a resolution was adopted calling for information as to whether any claims have been made by citizens of the United States for property destroyed by the Federal army, and whether any measures have been taken to ascertain the actual damages in such cases; and if so, what. The treaty with Great Britain for the suppression of the African slave-trade, together with the correspondence on that subject, was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. A memorial from citizens of Utah, asking admission into the Union as a State, under the title of the State of Deseret, was referred to the Committee on Territories. The bill making additional appropriations for civil expenses, including the Haytien and Liberian missions, was passed. The Naval Appropriation bill was reported back by the Finance Committee with amendments. A motion to take up the bill amending the Fugitive Slave Law was agreed to by a vote of 25 to 10, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, a bill to punish fraudulent government contractors was reported by the Judiciary Committee. The bill transferring the Western gun-boat fleet from the War to the Navy Department, was passed.

On Wednesday, June 11, in the Senate, a resolution admitting Messrs. Cannon and Hooper, Senators elect from Deseret, to the floor of the Senate, was laid over, as was also a resolution declaring null and void all acts or ordinances of secession passed by any Legislature or convention, and that loyal citizens of seceded States are entitled to all the privileges guaranteed and conferred by the Constitution of the United States. The Judiciary Committee reported a bill to establish provisional governments in certain cases. The bill amending the Fugitive Slave Law was postponed, and that for the construction of the Pacific Railroad was taken up. Senator M'Dougall explained its provisions, when it was postponed.——In the House, Mr. Stevens, from the Committee of Ways and Means, reported a bill authorizing the issue of $150,000,000 of Treasury notes, not bearing interest, of a denomination not less than five dollars. It was ordered to be printed. Mr. Bingham, of Ohio, presented a preamble and resolution declaring that information has been received by the Government that Hon. Benjamin Wood, a member of the House from New York city, has been engaged in communicating, or attempting to communicate, important intelligence to the rebels in arms against the Government, and directing the Judiciary Committee to investigate the subject and report upon the facts. After some debate, during which Mr. Wood favored the adoption of the resolution, it was adopted.

On Thursday, June 12, in the Senate, Senator Davis, of Kentucky, offered a resolution that the rebel General Buckner, captured at Fort Donelson, and now a prisoner at Fort Warren, ought to be transferred to the civil authorities to be tried for treason, whereof he stands indicted, in the Kentucky District Court. After some discussion, during which Senator Davis said Buckner ought not to be exchanged, but taken to Kentucky and hanged, the subject was laid aside. The bill for the relief of General Grant was passed. The Pacific Railroad bill was then taken up and discussed, and, after an executive session, the Senate adjourned.——In the House the Tax bill was reported back from the Committee on Ways and Means. Mr. Stevens recommended a general non-concurrence in the Senate's three hundred and fourteen amendments, and a committee of conference on the points in dispute between the two Houses. This was agreed to by a vote of 80 against 58. The bill defining the pay and emoluments of certain army officers, conferring citizenship upon all volunteers who serve and are honorably discharged on proving one year's residence, and punishing fraudulent contractors by court-martial with fine and imprisonment, and bringing all contractors under the Articles of War, was passed. The report of the Conference Committee on the bill appropriating five million dollars for bounties for volunteers was accepted.

On Friday, June 13, in the Senate, a bill to carry into effect the new treaty for the suppression of the African slave-trade was reported by the Committee on Foreign Relations. The bill provides for the appointment of United States officers at mixed courts at New York, Sierra Leone, and Cape of Good Hope; each of the three Judges to receive $2500 per annum; also, for the arbitrator at New York to receive $1000 per annum, and the others $2000 each; also, for the clerk of the court at New York to receive the fees pertaining to the office. The appropriations for the Naval Academy, temporarily located at Newport, Rhode Island, and for repairs to the Academy buildings at Annapolis, Maryland, were, after considerable debate, adopted, thus indicating that the Academy will again be restored to Annapolis.——In the House, the Committee on Foreign Affairs made a report that no exigency seems to exist to require the interposition of the Government in behalf of the suffering people of Ireland. The bills to secure more prompt payment of officers and volunteers, and adding 40 surgeons and 120 assistant-surgeons to the army medical corps, was passed; also the bills indemnifying the citizens of Delaware for war expenditures, and prescribing an additional oath to grand and petit jurors serving in United States courts.

On Saturday, June 14, in the Senate, a message was received from the President calling attention to the subject of enlarging the Erie and Oswego canals and locks, so as to admit of the passage of gun-boats. The House bill providing for the more prompt payment of the volunteers was passed. An executive session was then held, and the Senate adjourned.——The House was not in session.

On Monday, June 16, in the Senate, the Naval Appropriation bill was taken up, and Senator Wilson's amendment, that no slaves shall be employed in the navy-yards, dock-yards, etc., was rejected, by a vote of 17 yeas to 18 nays. The appropriation for repairs at the Naval Academy buildings at Annapolis was adhered to, and the bill passed. A joint resolution authorizing the President to purchase Jones's improvement for operating heavy guns was presented. A debate ensued relative to changing the hour of meeting, and it was resolved that the Senate, on and after the 19th instant, meet at eleven o'clock.——In the House, the Committee on Elections reported against the claim of Charles Henry Foster to represent the Second Congressional District of North Carolina. A joint resolution was introduced creating the grade of Lieutenant-General of the army, to be filled, on the restoration of peace, by such eminent Major or Brigadier General as may be nominated by the President and confirmed by the Senate, the grade to continue only during the life or servise of the person appointed. Resolutions were adopted directing inquiry as to whether our wounded soldiers at Port Republic have been subjected to unnecessary neglect; whether rebel prisoners at Port Royal have been treated better than our own troops; and whether General Banks, while on his retreat, provided transportation for negroes, making our sick soldiers walk; also requesting the Secretary of War to inform the House by whose orders the rebel General Lee's house, near Richmond, is guarded and withheld from hospital purposes. The bill to establish and equalize the grade of line officers of the Navy was then taken up and passed. By this bill admirals take rank with major-generals, commodores with brigadier-generals, etc. The Senate bill reorganizing the Navy Department was also passed, and the House adjourned.

THE FLIGHT OF BEAUREGARD.

Dispatches from General Halleck, dated on Thursday the 12th, state that spies and deserters from Beauregard's army represent the whole force to be greatly disorganized. Several of the regiments had mutinied, and refused to serve any longer, as their term of enlistment had expired. These troops had accordingly been disarmed, and numbers of them shot for mutiny. A large amount of valuable stores had been destroyed by the retreating rebels. Locomotives and cars in a half consumed state have been found at various points, all showing that the enemy had made a precipitate flight. The whole country south of Corinth has been completely devastated by the rebels to such an extent that the population are in a starving condition.

At latest dates General Pope had reached Okelona, and reports that Beauregard is still retreating. General Price was with him, and Jeff Thompson was at Grenada. General Hindman was said to have gone into Arkansas.

THE BATTLE OF CROSS KEYS.

Jackson's army attacked General Shields's advance on Monday morning, near Port Republic. The conflict was maintained for four hours by about two thousand of our men against the main body of General Jackson's army. The enemy's force became so overwhelming in numbers that our advance was compelled to fall back, which it did in good order, until it met the main body of General Shields's command, near Conrad's store. As soon as this was effected the enemy in turn retired.

The subsequent advance of our army from General Frémont's head-quarters to Port Republic, Virginia, ascertained the fact that none of the enemy were in the way except the wounded, who lay in every house. The dead found in the road shows that the rebels lost five hundred in that fight. Ambulances and wagons, arms and accoutrements were strewn along the route. A dispatch received at the War Department puts our loss at 125 killed and 500 wounded. Our own loss in officers was severe.

AFFAIRS AT MEMPHIS.

The condition of Memphis at the latest accounts was most satisfactory. The people generally seem rejoiced to enter once more under the protection of the Government. The stores are being opened, and many of the merchants are starting for the Northern cities to buy goods in the old fashion, and applications to ship 6000 bales of cotton have already been made to our authorities; while at the same time the rebel cavalry, who are scouring the country in the vicinity of Grand Junction, are wantonly destroying as much of the staple as they can. The people of Memphis treat our soldiers with kindness and cordiality.

The Post-office and Adams's express office have been opened and business resumed. The state of affairs in the city were thus much improved.

AT NEW ORLEANS.

Affairs at New Orleans seem to be progressing satisfactorily. The New Orleans *Bee*, which was previously suppressed by the General for its advocacy of cotton-burning, has reappeared with an apology and explanation, assuring General Butler that it never intended to recommend the destruction of the crops of the Southern people. Upon this assurance the Commanding General has permitted the issue of the paper.

AT NORFOLK.

The Union feeling in Norfolk is progressing. Trade is reviving there, and the sentiments of the citizens in favor of the flag is becoming manifest in public meetings and processions. General Viele has been offered and has accepted a fine house for his head-quarters.

THE REBEL LOSS AT FAIROAKS.

The Richmond *Dispatch* gives a terrible record of the rebel loss of officers at the battle of Fairoaks. While it puts down the killed in the aggregate, on their side, at only 8000, which is, doubtless, considerably below the mark, it says that they lost a vast number of officers, including five generals, twenty-three colonels, ten majors, and fifty-seven captains, either killed or captured. The same paper makes the important admission that our army can at any time cut off the retreat of the rebels South by seizing the railroads at Petersburg, and intimates that a retreat to Lynchburg and the mountains was the only one left to them.

REACTION AGAINST JEFF DAVIS.

The Charleston *Courier* says that men in high official positions in the South are at present engaged in a crusade against Jeff Davis, and are calling for a convention of the Confederate States to depose the rebel President and put a military dictator in his place.

ANOTHER SLAVER PUNISHED.

The jury in the case of Appleton Oaksmith, whose trial at Boston, upon the charge of fitting out a slaver, has been in progress during the past week, on Friday, after thirty minutes' deliberation, rendered a verdict against the prisoner on eight out of the ten counts in the indictment. The penalty for the crime is imprisonment for five years, and five thousand dollars fine, and one year's imprisonment for each one thousand dollars of the fine not paid.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

MORE STEAMERS TO RUN THE BLOCKADE.

STEAMERS running the blockade were insured at Lloyds at from thirty to forty guineas.

FRANCE.

THE WAR WITH MEXICO.

The Paris *Moniteur* of the 7th of June notifies the blockade of the Mexican ports of Tampico and Alvarado by the Emperor. A French protectorate for the republic was spoken of.

SPAIN.

MEXICAN AFFAIRS.

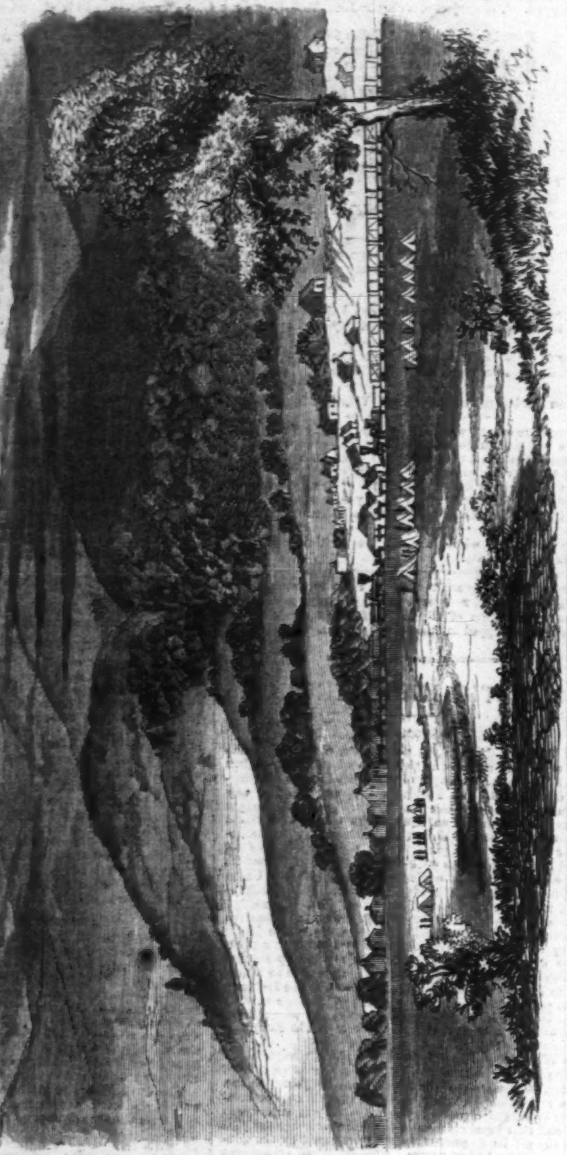
The Spanish documents relative to the affairs of Mexico have been submitted to the Cortes. The impression is reported as unfavorable to General Prim

MEXICO.

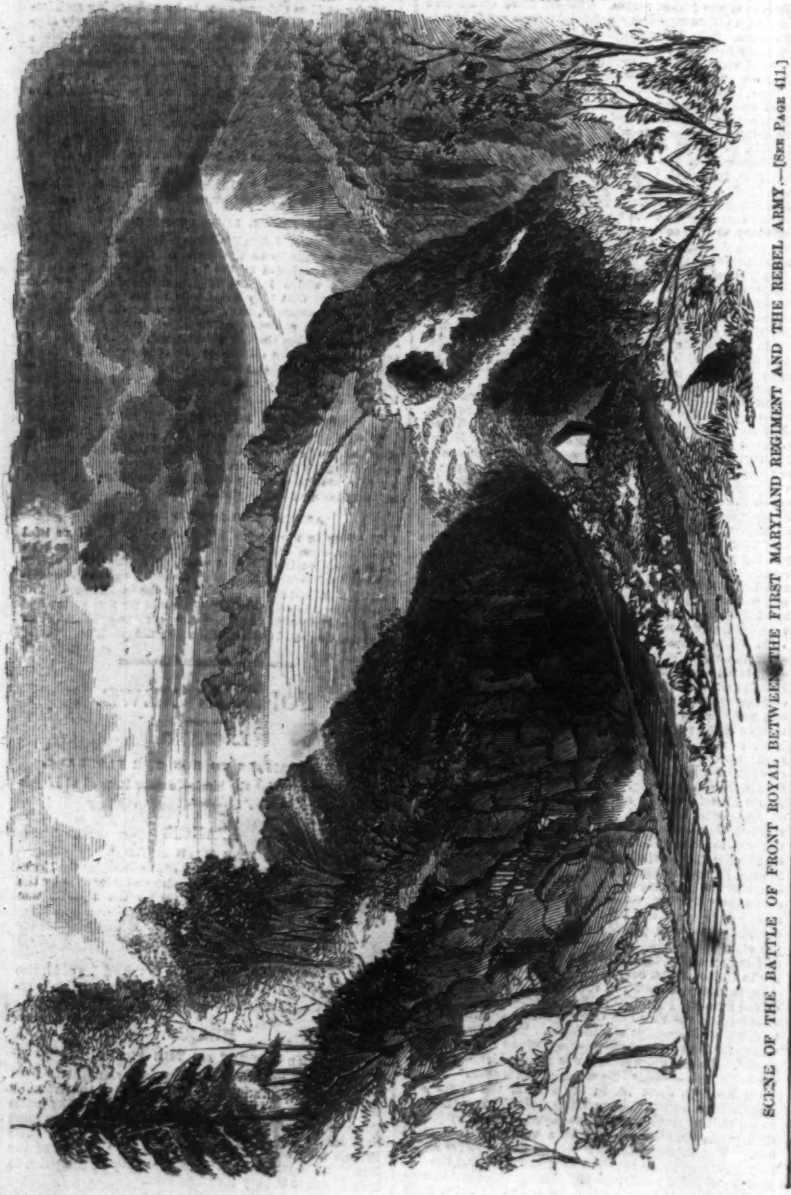
THE DEFEAT OF THE FRENCH.

The papers publish some very important news from Mexico, fully confirming previous reports of the defeat of the French on the 4th and 5th of May last. The battle was a sanguinary one, and the French Zouaves, who must have fought with great gallantry, suffered severely. The French were only 4000 strong; but the numbers of the Mexicans are not given, though they may be computed at from fifteen to twenty thousand men.

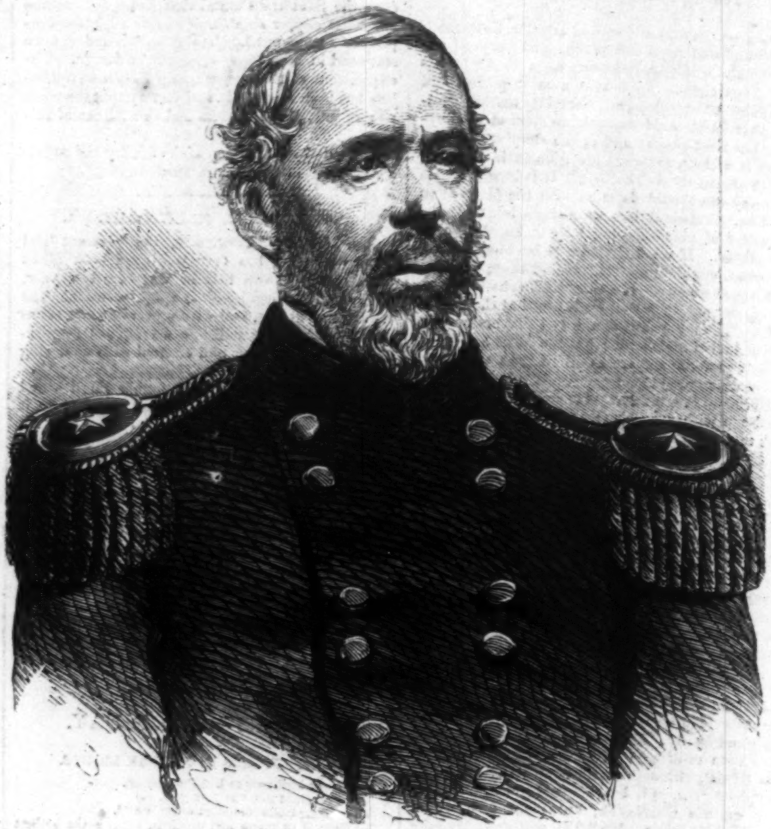
LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



FRONT ROYAL, VIRGINIA, LOOKING SOUTH.—Sketched by C. L. B.—[See Page 411.]



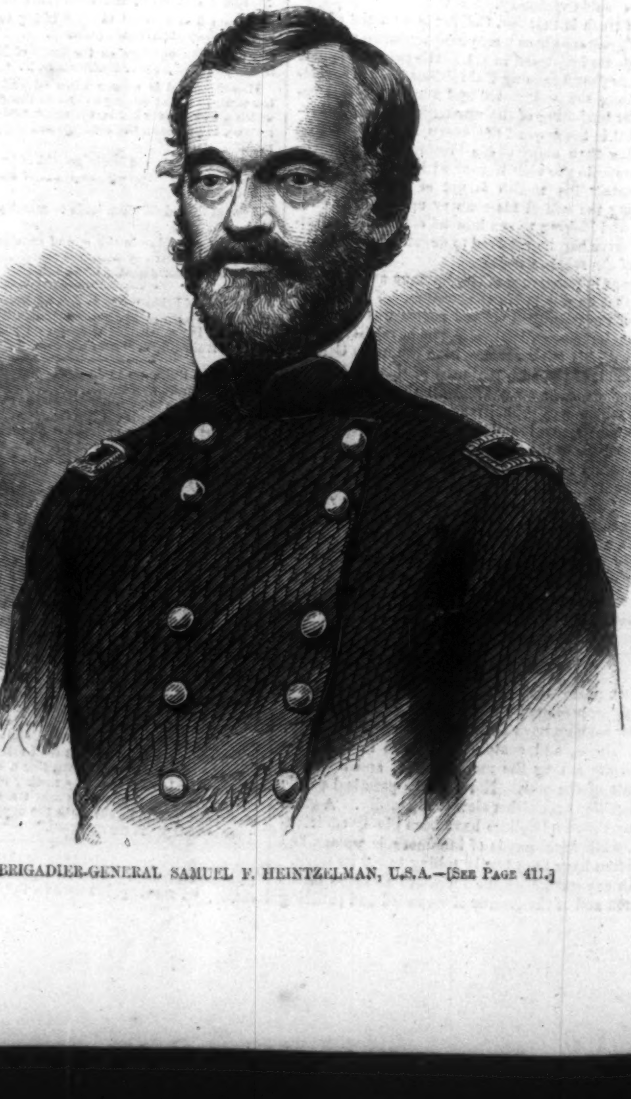
SCENE OF THE BATTLE OF FRONT ROYAL BETWEEN THE FIRST MARYLAND REGIMENT AND THE REBEL ARMY.—[See Page 411.]



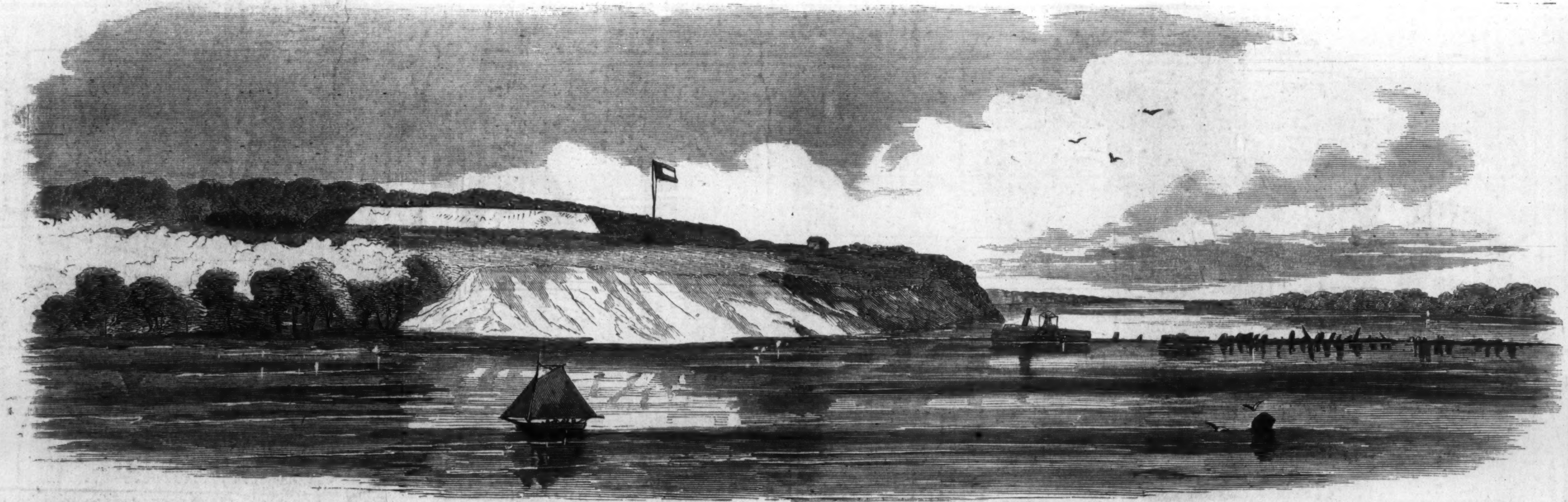
BRIGADIER-GENERAL EDWIN V. SUMNER, U.S.A.—[Photographed by Anthony.]

GENERAL SUMNER.

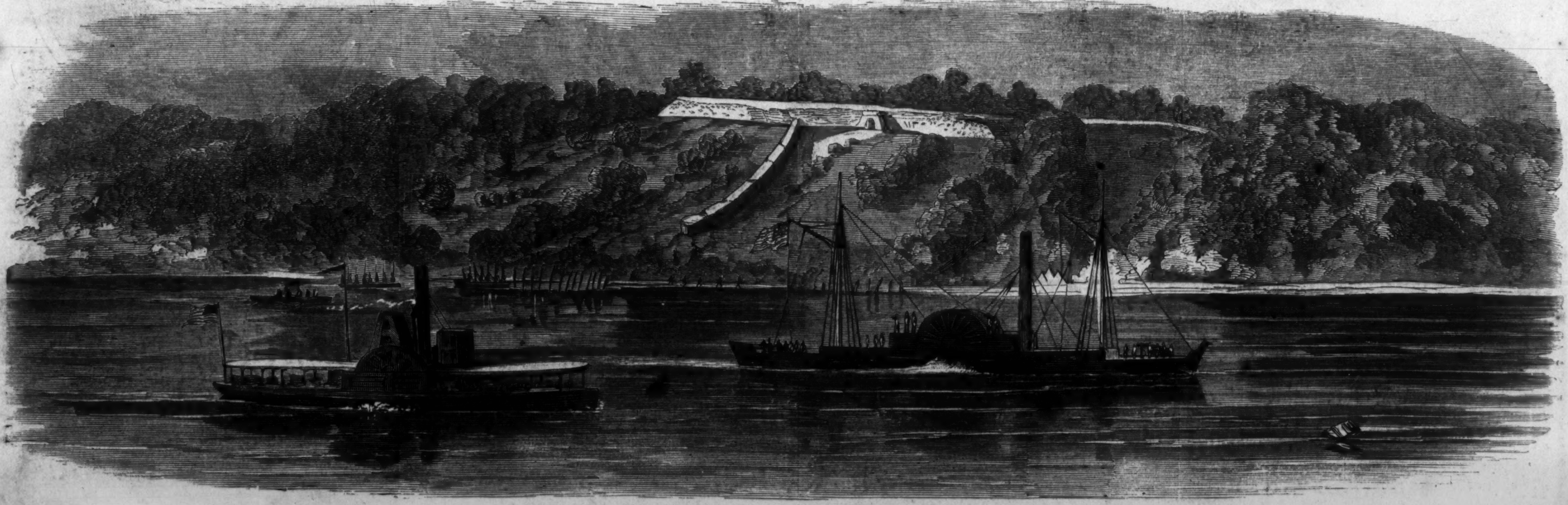
General Edwin V. Sumner, commander of an army corps in the Army of the Potomac, was born in Massachusetts, about the year 1797, and was appointed to West Point, from New York, in 1815. He served in the infantry for eighteen years; in 1833 he was appointed Captain of Dragoons, and Major in 1846. He served in the Mexican war, and was brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel for gallant and meritorious conduct at Cerro Gordo; and Colonel for the same behavior at Molino del Rey. In 1848 he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the First Dragoons. When the troubles broke out in Kansas a force of cavalry was sent to preserve the peace, and Colonel Sumner was placed in command. He discharged the delicate duties of his office with skill and success. On the election of Mr. Lincoln he was one of the four officers (Generals Pope and Hunter being two of the remainder) who were appointed by the War Department to escort the President-elect to Washington. The famous night-journey through Baltimore, which was undertaken in order to frustrate a plot for the assassination of the President, was resolved upon, against his counsels and in spite of his entreaties. After the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln Colonel Sumner was appointed to supersede General Albert S. Johnson (who turned rebel) in command of our force on the Pacific. He speedily set matters straight in that section of the country, and returned home, signalizing his return by the arrest of the traitor Gwin, of California, on the way. The authorities of New Granada attempted to prevent the passage of Gwin as a prisoner through their territory; but Sumner took the responsibility, and marched him across the Isthmus with a battalion of United States troops. On his arrival at Washington General Sumner was appointed to the command, first, of a division and next of a corps in General M'Clellan's army. His conduct at Williamsburg has been the subject of much criticism, but at Fairoaks he certainly vindicated his reputation for good soldiership and gallantry.



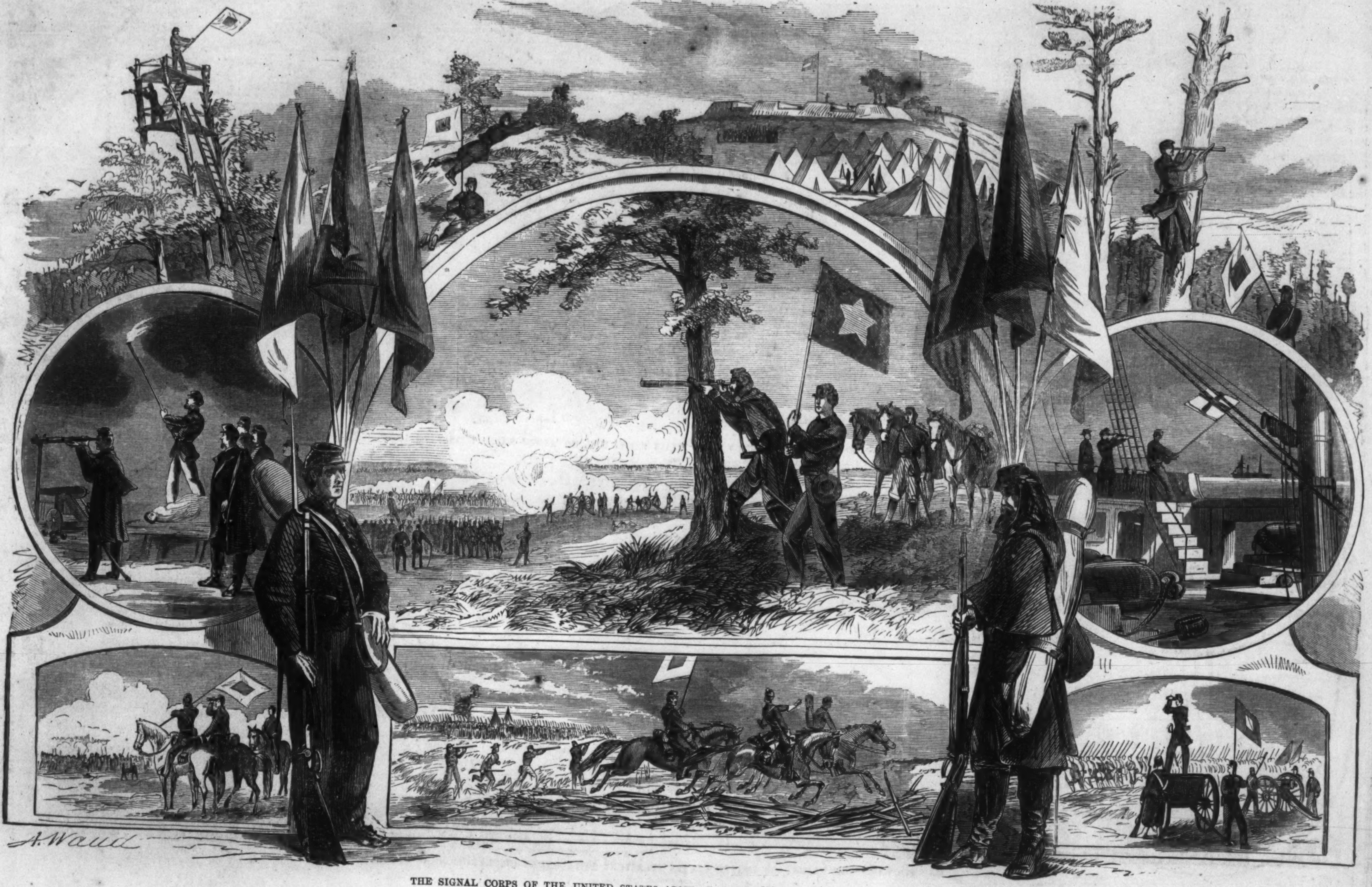
BRIGADIER-GENERAL SAMUEL P. HEINTZELMAN, U.S.A.—[See Page 411.]



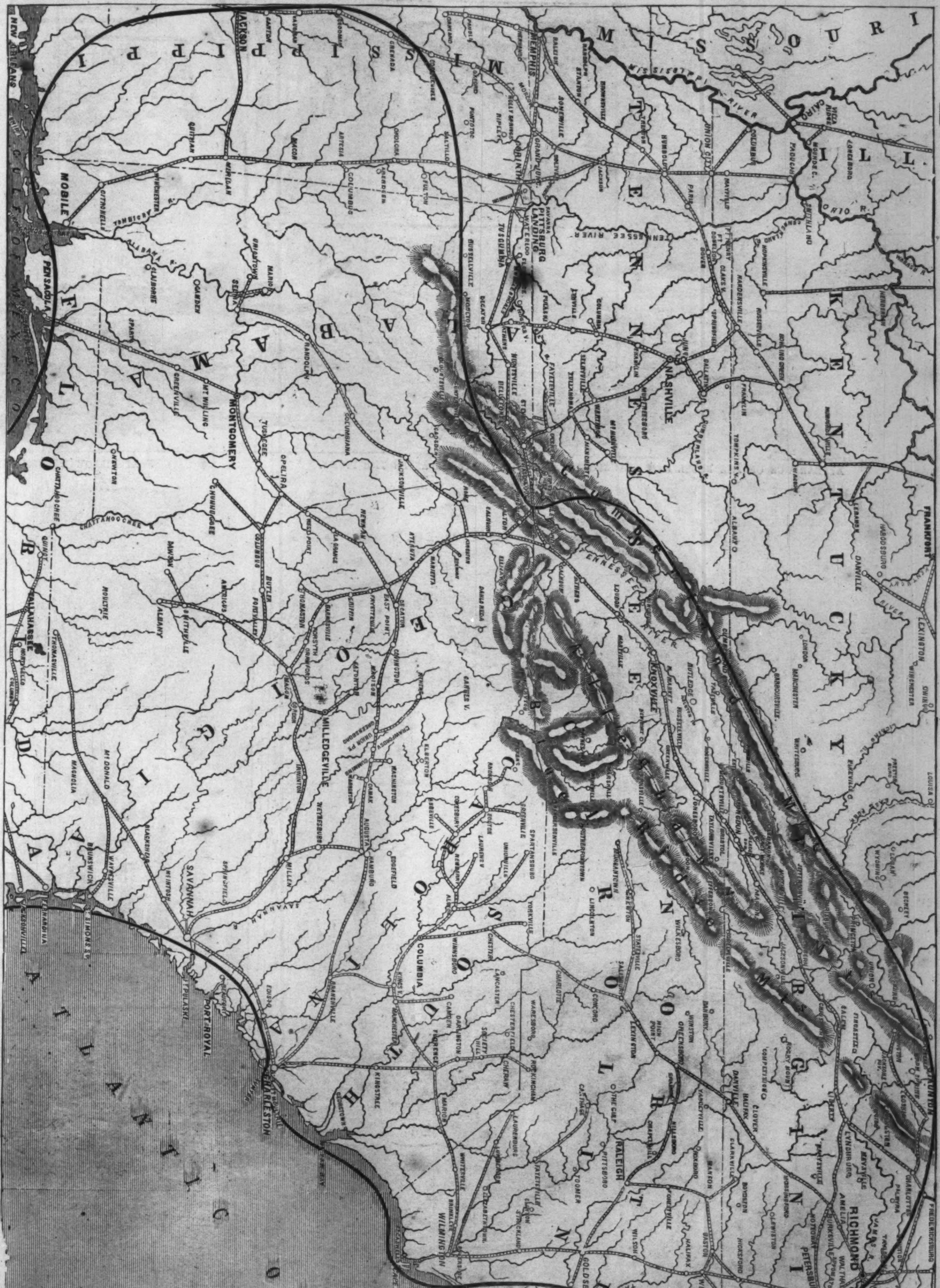
FORT DARLING, DRURY'S BLUFF, ON THE JAMES RIVER.—From a Sketch by a Correspondent.—[See Page 411.]



RECONNOISSANCE ON THE JAMES RIVER BY UNITED STATES GUN-BOATS.—[See Page 411.]

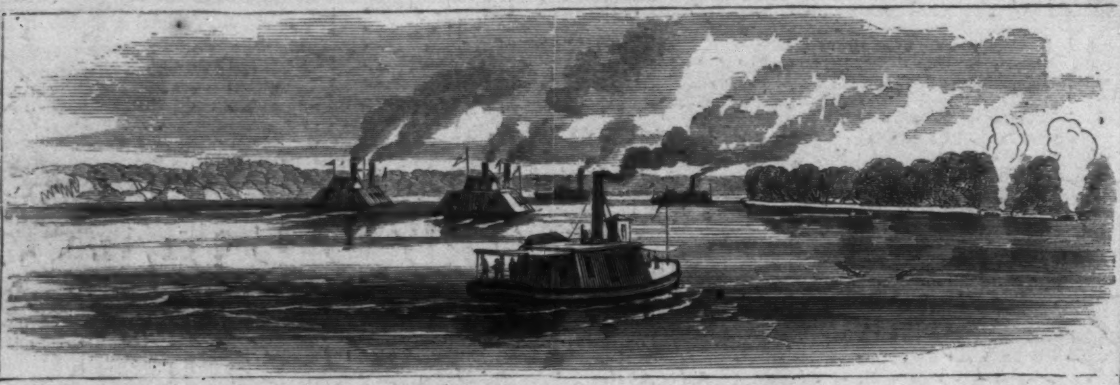


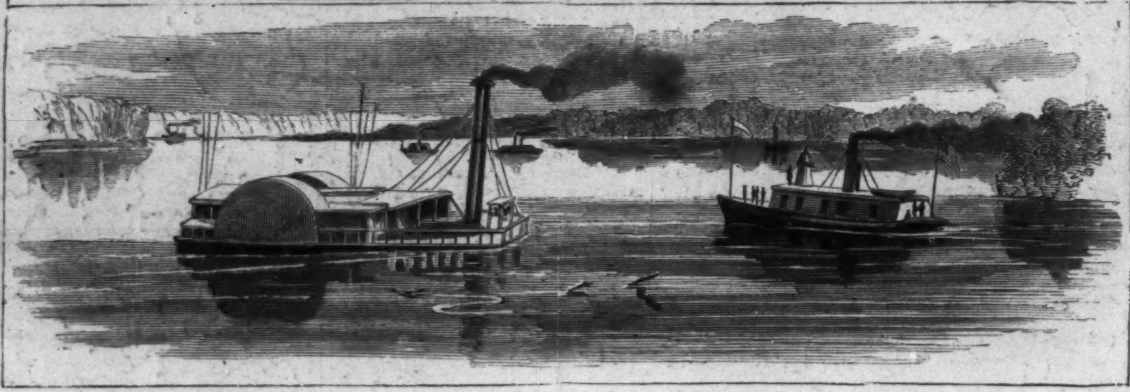
THE SIGNAL CORPS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.—Drawn by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 411.]


MISSISSIPPI
ALABAMA
FLORIDA
GEORGIA
SOUTH CAROLINA
NORTH CAROLINA
TENNESSEE
KENTUCKY
VIRGINIA
MISSOURI
ILL.
GULF OF MEXICO
ATLANTIC OCEAN
NEW ORLEANS
MOBILE
PENSACOLA
JACKSON
MEMPHIS
CORINTH
PITTSBURG LANDING
CAIRO
NASHVILLE
KNOXVILLE
MONTGOMERY
MILLEDGEVILLE
SAVANNAH
PORT ROYAL
CHARLESTON
COLUMBIA
WILMINGTON
RALEIGH
RICHMOND
PETERSBURG
NORFOLK
FRANKFORT
LEXINGTON
TENNESSEE RIVER
MISSISSIPPI RIVER
OHIO R.

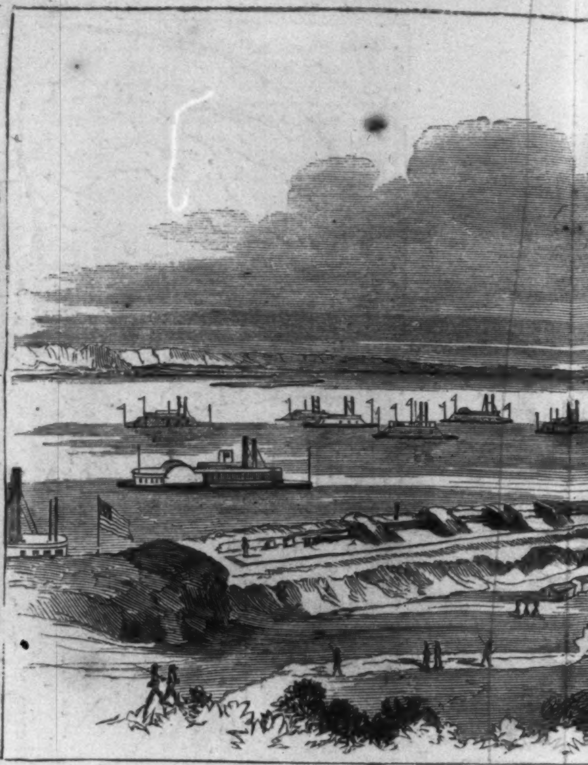
MAP SHOWING THE EXTENT OF UNITED STATES TERRITORY STILL UNDER INSURRECTIONARY CONTROL.

THE REBEL GUN-BOATS OFF CRAIGHEAD POINT BEFORE THE SURRENDER.

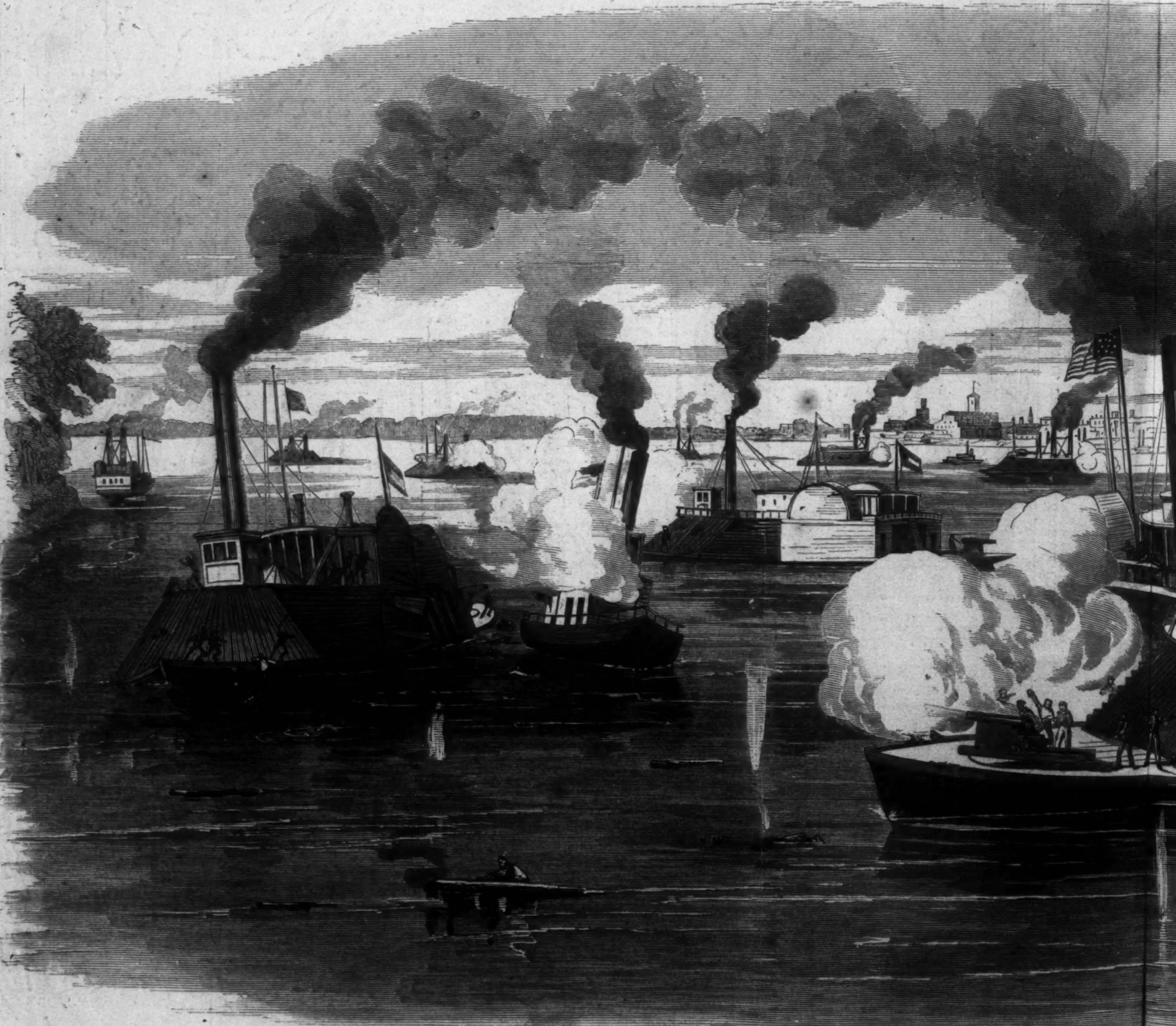




APPEARANCE OF THE REBEL RAM BEAUREGARD AND JEFF THOMPSON AFTER THE FIGHT.

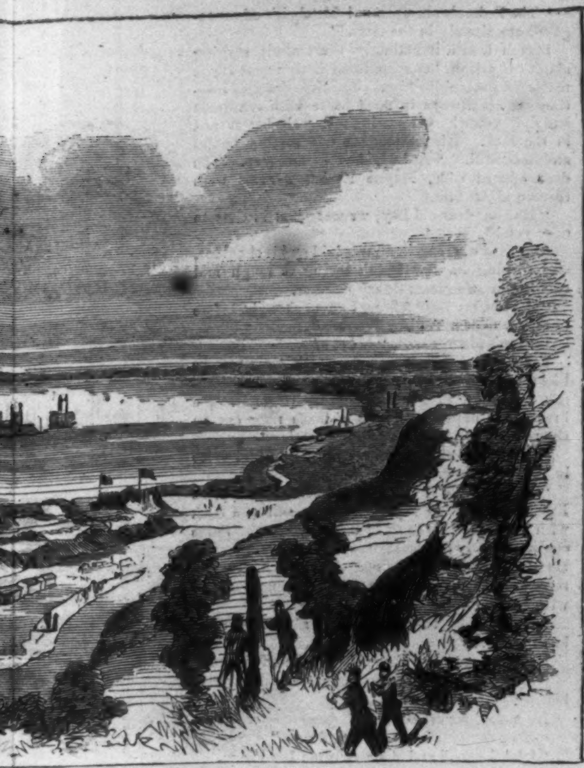


FORT PILLOW REPOSSESSED BY THE GUN-BOAT



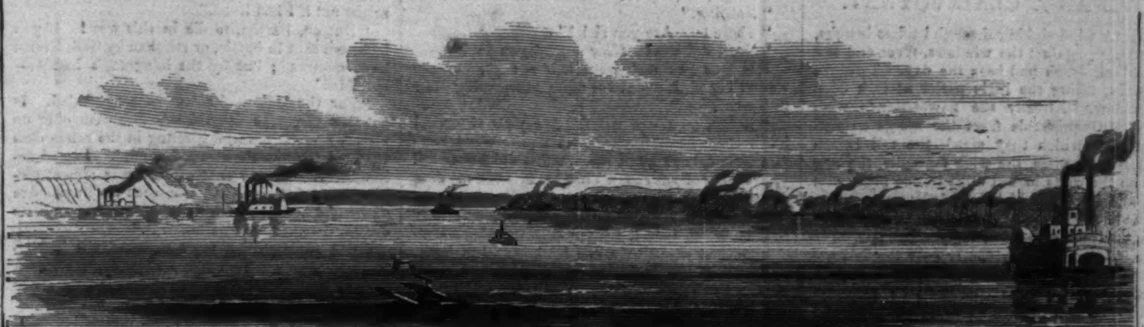
Federal Ram Queen of the West disabled.
Rebel Ram General Price.
Rebel Flag-ship Little Rebel.
Sumter.
Federal Ram

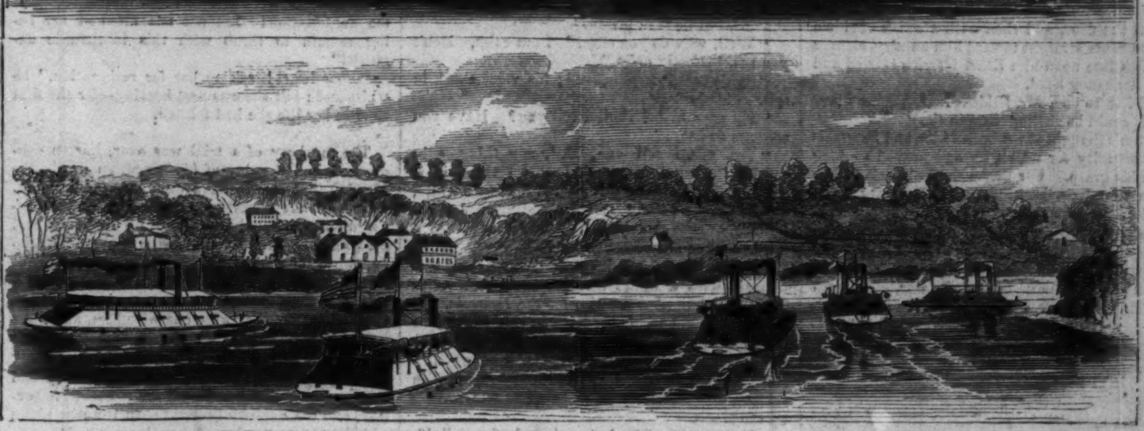
THE GREAT NAVAL BATTLE BEFORE MEMPHIS, JUNE 6,



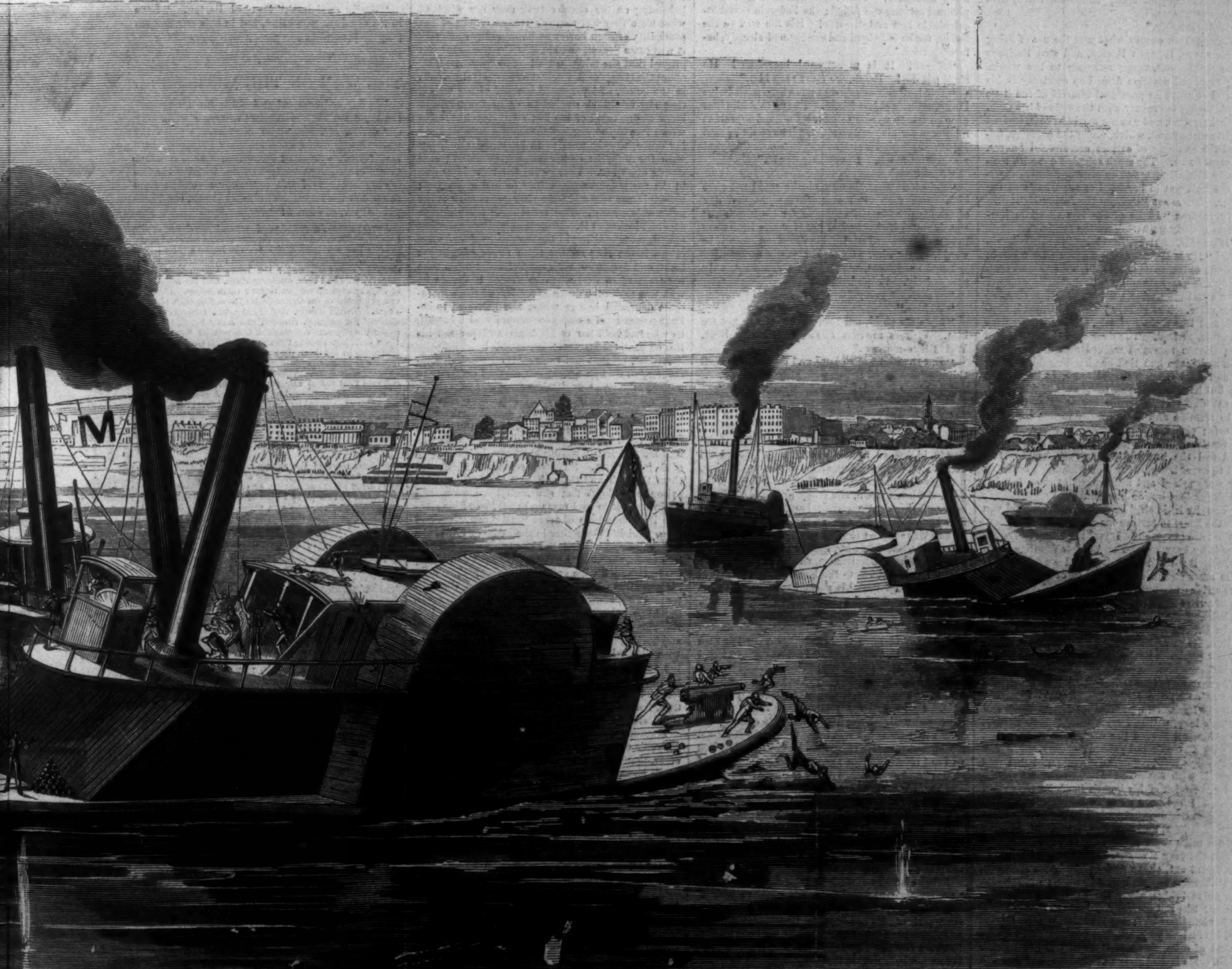
BOAT FLEET ON THE MISSISSIPPI, JUNE 5, 1862.

OUR FLEET OFF FORT PILLOW ON THE EVE OF THE EVACUATION.





THE UNION FLEET PASSING FORT RANDOLPH ON THE WAY TO MEMPHIS.



eral Ram Monarch running down the Beauregard.

UNE 6, 1862.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 410.]

LOVE AS A CLAIRVOYANT.

A chilly wind sighing through leafless boughs, rain pattering against the windows, river and sky a gray blank—such had been the day. Twilight came early, filling the little parlor at Oak Glen with shadow. Already the flower-stands were scarcely distinguishable from the sea-green curtains against which they stood, the tall Indian vases, the book-cases, the wide fauteuils, the gay pastels on the walls looked alike but so many dim ghosts, and Barton Ethicke's weird, uncanny music seemed sounding out from shadow-land itself.

He sat, with head bent down, playing low, as if to himself—the music, evidently only the half unconscious expression of his thought, ceasing presently altogether. Little boot-heels on a sudden clicked sharply on the marble tiles without, a fresh young voice hummed "Oh liberta gradita!" just without the door, and then with a swish of silken flounces came straight toward him an airy, slender figure. Close upon him Ethel Herrick started and tossed her saucy head.

"Oh! it is you, Mr. Ethicke! I hardly knew what it could be sitting there in the dark."

Barton's thought stood before him, and the golden opportunity for which he had prayed so long was in his grasp. For weeks she had eluded him; always tantalizingly kind, but innocently inaccessible. Now he had her—with no elderly relatives of dull perceptions as a shelter, no child, not even a spaniel, with which to effect a diversion. Sunbeams and mist wreaths had been as easily trapped as she—and now there she was, alone with him and the shadow, shrinking, uneasy; outwardly demure, inwardly, he knew, divining his intention and plotting to defeat it.

"Ethel."

"Mr. Ethicke."

"Don't call me that."

"What then?"

"I have another name."

"Oh! Mr. Barton Ethicke."

"Give me my first name," he remonstrated, with ominous meekness.

"Well then, Mr."

With such an enemy what was the use of firing at long range, thought Barton, and sent Patience to the right-about, threw reticence to the winds. Long repressed emotion flamed up suddenly in his face; *vi et armis* he possessed himself of the little fingers toying nervously with the ends of her sash.

Ethel recoiled, and as Fate would have it, against a light music-stand, which, under the pressure, followed the example of certain commercial houses, and went down. The crash sounded out with melancholy distinctness, and an elderly relative crossing the hall put in her head to see what was the matter. There sat Ethel, by the fading light diligently reading "Idylls of the King," while Barton was guiltily gathering up the music.

"It was Mr. Ethicke," explained the little hypocrite. "He is always coming down with a crash. For some unfortunate people this world seems really only one great stumbling-block."

Virtuous indignation, polite resignation, sounded in her voice. The elderly relative hemmed, hesitated, and like most neutrals, finding her position untenable, retired. The door had scarcely closed when Barton rose and walked over to her. As quick as he, she had tied her handkerchief on her fan, and held it up, a flag of truce, as he reached her; but he was no longer to be evaded with jests. He sat down close beside her—useless then for her to tremble and shrink away in her corner of the sofa; closer and closer he drew her, till her full scarlet lips were pressed against his, and he could feel the beating of her poor heart. She tried to cover her glowing face with her hands, but they were seized and imprisoned at once, leaving no hiding-place but on his shoulder.

"You shy little elf," he whispers, "how did you have the heart to torture me so long?"

What need to go on? It is the old story. Lovers know it by heart; pater and mater familias smile to recall it; fossil bachelors and awful maiden ladies are shocked even to think of it. Besides, more serious matters presently claimed the attention of our young couple.

Their engagement was hardly viewed with pleasure by Ethel's family, for Barton Ethicke, desirable in other respects, was a Northern man, and his Union sentiments made Alabama no longer a safe residence for him.

The marriage, if marriage there was, must take place at once; the separation of Ethel from her family be immediate, perhaps final. Mother's and brother's love, political sentiment, Ethel's natural hesitation, all barred the way, only to be swept aside by Barton's indomitable energy. Monday was the day fixed; "four days more," Ethel said to herself with flushing cheeks, as she sat watching for the click of his horse's hoofs on the gravel walk. He had been gone two days—detained in the city on business. She had expected him early in the afternoon, and now it was twilight, so a few minutes more must bring him, and her heart beat high at the very thought.

Sounded out, sharp and suddenly on the evening stillness, a horse's hurried gallop: over the little wooden bridge, along the road, in at the gate it came. She ran gleefully out on the piazza, waving her handkerchief; but the rider, who had slackened his furious pace, and was coming slowly up the avenue of oaks, was not Barton, but her brother Ralph. He looked pale and anxious, and came in without speaking, seeming scarcely to see her. She followed him to the library.

"Have you seen Barton?"

"Yes."

"Where is he? What keeps him?"

"He is—detained."

"Detained! How odd! But he sent me a message—you have a letter for me?"

"No—nothing."

He sat down as he spoke in the most shadowed part of the room. Ethel instantly drew away the curtains to let in the feeble light, and going up to him looked searchingly in his face.

"Ralph, what is it? What is the matter?"

"Nothing."

"There is. Are you sick?"

"No, I tell you! How absurd you are!"

His tone and look were half savage, but she wound her arms about his neck, murmuring close in his ear,

"Ralph, you can not deceive your sister. I know that something troubles you. What have you been doing? Tell me. When did I ever fail you, or betray your confidence? Trust in me once more, and perhaps I can help you. You know the mouse gnawed the lion's net."

No answer, only the closer pressure of his arm. Appalled at the silence, she bent her head back, and met the solemn, ominous pity of his eyes. All at once she began to tremble and grow white.

"Is it—is it—something has happened to Barton! He is dead—they have killed him!"

"No, but he is in prison."

"Well, why do you stop?" I am calm, Don't you see, perfectly calm."

Ralph's broad chest heaved; his voice shook in spite of himself.

"My poor Ettie! shall I tell you? Have you courage to hear?"

"Yes, yes, I tell you. All, any thing, only quick! for my heart won't beat. I think it is waiting to hear." All this spoken low, with white, dry lips and a curious, strained distinctness of utterance, as though each word were forced out by a mighty effort of will.

"Ethel, it would be better if he were dead this moment with a bullet through his heart. Our boys had planned a surprise for the Federals, and how Barton got wind of it Heaven only knows, for it was kept secret, and why he must meddle with it, is a still deeper mystery. He must have counted on capture and detection, for the train filled with soldiers was positively in sight as he was tearing up the track."

"Is that all? The destruction of a few rails!"

"All! He might have murdered his father with more impunity. Our long-cherished and well-planned scheme was foiled; the Federals saved incalculable loss and disaster! His life will be the forfeit, for he is judged and condemned already, before his trial."

"Never! It is monstrous! incredible! He shall not die! Ralph, we must save him."

"Ethel, all this afternoon I have been with Judge Percy, father's oldest friend. I have told him how near he was to us and to you. I offered myself as a hostage for his good conduct, till he could be sent North. I pleaded for imprisonment—any thing but a shameful death. I even threatened."

"And he—"

"Said if it were his own son he could not save him. The mob were clamoring night and day about his prison; they thirsted for his blood. It was doubtful if they would not tear him limb from limb on his way to trial. He dared not, even if he would, acquit him. There is actually no hope."

Ethel shuddered, but made no comment, only rose quietly. Ralph held her back.

"Where are you going?"

"To him."

"My dear child, not to-night; you can not see him. Visitors are not allowed after this hour. Wait till to-morrow."

"But the night is so long and still, and I shall think—" answered Ethel, with a look of terror.

"My poor Ettie! I will stay with you."

"And we shall start very early?"

"As early as you like." And with that she was forced to be content.

Says George Herbert, "Closets are halls, and hearts highways to God's affections." And all Ralph's tender sympathy, all her desperate striving, nowise softened her fearful suffering. She paced the floor, she knelt down, she fairly groveled at times, as if enduring acutest physical anguish. With the first ray of light she ordered the carriage, and her misery was so great that no one had the heart to oppose her. She drove straight to the prison, where she was refused admittance, as she had expected; back again she went to the house of Judge Percy. The old man wiped his spectacles, blew his nose vigorously, and tried to look all judicial sternness. Quoth he,

"My dear Miss Ethel, a Roman or a Spartan maiden would have tied the noose with her own hands, were he twenty times her lover;" but Ethel burst out with a pitiful cry,

"Oh! Mr. Percy, I am neither Roman nor Spartan, only a poor, weak girl, and so utterly miserable. See, I will carry nothing to him. Search me if you will. I can not help him to escape; the words that we speak will harm no one; but I must see him—I must! Do not shake your head. You will not refuse, oh! you can not, for you are not of stone;" and she fell down on her knees before him, and her beautiful golden hair, loosed from the comb, dropped about her like a shining veil.

The Judge cleared his throat vigorously.

"I have no sympathy with the traitor," he said, half apologetically to Ralph, "but for her sake—here is the order for your admittance. After all a couple of hours will do no harm."

Ethel clutched the paper with desperate eagerness, stopped for no thanks, not even to look if Ralph were coming, but hurried back to the carriage again. To her burning impatience minutes were ages of torture. She sat leaning forward, her hand on the door, her eyes devouring the streets through which they rolled.

They were admitted. The door of Barton's cell opened. "At length!" she said, and sprang in with a cry. He turned quickly—opened his arms wide.

"My darling! my pet!" he said, low.

For the last time she was folded to his heart. Oh! the unutterable bitterness of the thought! His last kisses! his last words to her on earth! So precious, yet melting away like the air, to leave her only their remembrance.

"But there is another world," he said, softly.

"Ah! but I haven't faith like you."

"My darling, Christ will come to you I am persuaded. You see my death is for the best. He might not if I had lived."

"But oh, Barton, to die in this way! If you had been shot in battle, or stricken by God, I must have mourned; but by the hangman's hands!—horrible!"

"For the Union—for our country, Ethel. Is not that glorious? Could I do less than offer up my life? The meanest hireling in the ranks does that. I counted the cost beforehand. I acted deliberately. I knew that capture was almost certain, but I felt that God, who sent me knowledge of the plot in a way of which the conspirators little dream, destined me also to foil it."

Ethel answered by mute caresses, she had no heart for words. Two hours slipped away like a dream. Ralph called her, but she clung frantically to Barton.

"Oh, I can not, I can not! or if it must be, grant me annihilation! Let not one atom of my being remain to throb with this intolerable anguish!"

"Poor heart! ask rather for resignation," he whispered; but she was past hearing—for the first time in her life she had fainted.

The mockery of a trial was over, Barton condemned, and the day of his execution fixed—the Monday that should have been his wedding-day. Ethel had left the city because her thoughts wandered out continually, and went up one street and across another, and so on, till they came to the prison, outside of whose bars they clamored, crying out "that they were spirit, and it but senseless matter, and they must pass; that he was alone, perhaps despairing, and they were one with him, and must go to him—they must, they must!" till she fancied herself going mad.

The journey and alternate trances of sleep and paroxysms of agony wore out the wretched Saturday, and the Sabbath brought with it a new phase of feeling; an utter incredulity, born out of the fragrance and stillness about her. The tranquil fields, the peaceful sunshine, the very bird swaying and balancing on the slender twig near her window, what were they but nature's contradictions of the possibility of such horror as haunted her? Surely it was some dream, and oh, how she struggled and prayed that she might wake! She knew nothing about the time, for Ralph had stopped all the clocks in the house, and possessed himself of her watch, that she might be unable to count the hours or know the moment of his last struggle; but somewhere late in the wane of the long golden day she lay down, utterly wearied in body and mind, but with the unbelief in her coming desolation still strong upon her. There were the roses blooming in the rustic flower-stand that he had given her; his miniature rose and fell on her bosom with every pulse of her heart. She opened the little golden case and looked at it. There was no foreshadowing of evil, no foreboding in the clear-cut face. As she closed it the ring on her third finger caught the light, and flamed out with red and violet hues. She remembered so well when he placed it there; he who was to die the death of a felon, of those loathsome degraded beings whom she hesitated to believe possessed of a common humanity with herself, he who had held her to his heart and pressed his lips on hers—monstrous! impossible!

At last, present and future, all outward circumstances, all thoughts were lost, merged suddenly in a sense of nervous exaltation, a rapid, awful thrill, as if soul and body were parting. She was not asleep, she was not dreaming, but she was with him floating off to the wild music of the Hirten Spiele, filled with an unearthly pleasure that was half the delicious whirling harmony, half the clasp of his loving arm. Suddenly sepulchral air chilled them through and through, and they were in his prison cell, doors fast shut, all hope gone, and again her whole soul rose up in wild rebellion; before its revolt bars of sense went down, time and place vanished—whether in the body or out of the body she could not tell, but she *saw* a road with its iron track, showing ghostly white in the dim night, cut in two by a wide and rapid stream. The faint air was alive with the low hum of voices, the clatter and ring of arms. Men swarmed like bees rolling huge bales to the banks, tearing up the iron rails, prying open ropes, binding the bales together, and hurling them into the dull water. Each worked with vim, with intensity, as though he alone were the saviour of his cause. Now and then lantern gleams caught the glitter of bayonets or of an epaulet, and high above them, a dim form in the darkness, floated the flag for which Barton was to die—the Stars and Stripes.

Foremost among them worked Mayne Ethicke, Barton's cousin, often enough before the bitter war of brother against brother, a guest in Ethel's father's house. If he but knew—and she struggled incredibly to speak. She would have given her life for a moment's power of speech, but voice and words were denied her. She could only look and watch. Barton died to her a hundred times while the bridge was building, and the great host passing over. To her his life seemed hanging on the stumble of every foot, each slipping of a board, whatever caused delay.

The dawn came at last, haggard and threatening. It looked in on Barton sleeping quietly and woke him. Only a few hours now and for him all mysteries would be unveiled; he was going fast over the little strip of time that separated him from eternity. Solemn excitement possessed him. Something that was almost triumph shone out in his face except when he remembered Ethel; but he put away the thought of her as fast as possible, lest the gush of tenderness with which he looked at and kissed the soft hair lying on his heart might unman him.

On the cool morning air grew a murmur, coming at first with an occasional sigh and sweep of the wind, deepening, nearing, resolving itself at last into a heavy measured tramp of feet and roll of wheels. Suddenly three or four shots sounded out sharply—a rush—a sudden flurry and terror in the streets—a shout,

"The Federals are upon us! Mitchell's advance-guard are already in the town!"

Barton heard indistinctly the tumult surging about his prison, but speculated little about it; it mattered nothing to him. The time dragged on—time that is always in such haste with criminals and dying men! On late in the day the key turned in the lock. His heart gave one mighty bound and stood still. "At last," he said, and rose. The door opened wide, Mayne Ethicke's arms were thrown about him.

"Barton, dear old boy, we were just in time to save you!"

And then a strong hand was laid on his shoulder, and turning he saw Ralph trying to laugh and choking in an extraordinary manner.

"Barton, my dear fellow, I never thought before to rejoice over a Yankee triumph."

Barton's answer was, "Ethel?"

Far away Ethel lay in deep, stirless sleep, so like that of death that her mother, anxiously watching, bent more than once in sudden terror lest the breath had departed. Horses' hoofs rang out on the road, came clattering up the carriage-way.

"Ethel! Ethel!" called a strangely joyful voice in the hall below.

"Is Ralph mad?" murmured Mrs. Herrick, as Ethel opened wide her violet eyes, soft and dark with the sweet mystery of a happy sleep. Some one ran lightly up the stairs—it was Barton's step, his head looked in at the open door. Mrs. Herrick recoiled and shrieked, but Ethel sprang forward with hands outstretched.

"My darling, I knew you were safe and coming back to me."

Half an hour after she said to Mayne Ethicke,

"How you worked when you were building that bridge!"

He looked surprised.

"How did you know? I told no—"

"Oh! I saw," and she recounted her vision.

"An odd dream," said Ralph, musingly.

"But it was not a dream—I saw it," insisted Ethel.

"Easily explained," laughed Barton. "Love in the old days was blind, but in this our modern progressive age he has grown clairvoyant."

THE WAR ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

We devote pages 408 and 409 to illustrations of the War on the Mississippi, from sketches by our artist, Mr. Alexander Simplot. One of the pictures represents the Gun-boat Fight on the Mississippi opposite Memphis. As a contrast to the descriptions by loyal men, we give the following account of this remarkable combat from the pen of the reporter of a rebel paper, the Memphis *Argus*, of June 6:

> As was generally anticipated, several gun-boats of the Lincoln fleet made their appearance around the bend above the city this A.M., arriving below the island a little before 6 o'clock. Their appearance created an immediate movement in our fleet, under the brave Commodore Montgomery, who had been awaiting them, and his boats were at once headed up stream to offer them battle. Our fleet was composed of the *General Van Dorn*, flag-ship, *General Price*, *General Bragg*, *Jeff Thompson*, *General Lovell*, *General Beauregard*, *Sumter*, and *Little Rebel*, all rams, under the supreme command of Commander Montgomery. Upon arriving opposite the mouth of Wolf Creek, the Federal boats in the mean time advancing from the island, the order was given to open fire, which was accordingly done by the *Little Rebel*. Three shots were fired from the Confederate fleet before any reply was made by the enemy, who, however, continued advancing. A short time afterward fire was opened by the advancing boats of the Federal fleet, and a brisk interchange of cannonading was kept up for some time, the shots from both sides generally falling wide of the mark. Up to this time no damage had been done. The engagement had then continued probably twenty minutes.
>
> Several more of the enemy's gun-boats now came in sight. Aware that upon their arrival, which would give the enemy great superiority, he could not continue the engagement at this point with any hope of success, Commodore Montgomery, who was using the *Little Rebel* as his flag-vessel, ordered the fleet to fall back. The order was reluctantly obeyed, the firing, however, being kept up vigorously.
>
> Our fleet retired to opposite Beal Street, no longer in line of battle, when one of the Federal rams shot ahead of the remainder of the fleet in pursuit. Upon reaching the vicinity of our fleet, preparations were made to receive her. The *Beauregard* at once prepared to strike, and they both bore down on each other in gallant style. The contest was of short duration, as the *Beauregard*, avoiding the blow intended for her, struck her adversary forward of her wheel-house. The blow placed the Federal adventurer *hors du combat*, and she hauled off and made for the Arkansas shore, where she remained during the rest of the engagement.
>
> In the mean time another Federal ram, the *Monarch*, started to the first's assistance, rapidly passing the city under full head of steam. The *Beauregard*, having disabled her first adversary, turned about to run into the *Monarch*. The *Price* was also moved up, and the three boats were rapidly coming together.
>
> A heavy blow aimed by the *Beauregard* at the *Monarch* missed and struck the *Price*, which was unable to get out of the way. She was struck squarely on the wheel-house, which was torn completely off, leaving the boat nearly a wreck. She at once made for the Arkansas shore, and sunk as deeply as the shallow water would allow. A number of persons on board were killed and wounded by the enemy's sharp-shooters.
>
> Just at this period the four iron-clad gun-boats of the enemy, none of which had yet taken any other part in the engagement than firing at long range as they slowly advanced, moved down for the scene of the action. The cannonading on their arrival was fiercely renewed, and in a short time the *General Lovell* was pierced by a large shot, which caused her to fill rapidly and settle down. We had by this time lost two boats, and the fighting was at close quarters.
>
> The *Little Rebel*, which was all the time in the thickest of the fight, was soon afterward struck by one of the Federal shots, and she at once started for the Arkansas side, and stopped near the *General Price*.
>
> Commodore Montgomery and a majority of the officers and men escaped.
>
> The *Beauregard*, nothing daunted by the disaster which had befallen the others, still continued vigorously fighting. As she retired toward the point two or three of the enemy's large boats closed in on her, pouring in broadside after broadside. She was struck several times by shot which raked her fore and aft. A Federal ram also coming up dealt her a blow, and she commenced sinking rapidly in deep water opposite Jackson Mound. A Federal tug was sent to her assistance, in which the officers and men were conveyed to the Arkansas shore as prisoners of war.
>
> The remaining Confederate boats, the *Jeff Thompson*, *Van Dorn*, *Sumter*, and *Bragg*, now rapidly moved down the river, aware that their only hope of safety, after the loss of the other four and the arrival of the remainder of the Lincoln fleet, was in further continuing to retreat; they soon rounded the point, and from Memphis could no longer be seen. But our reporter, who witnessed their

> movements from the Mound, observed one of them—which one could not be ascertained—run rapidly to the Arkansas shore. Reaching it, she paused, and a moment afterward flames were discovered issuing from her upper deck. She had evidently been permanently disabled by the enemy's fire, and abandoned and fired by her officers and crew.
>
> The pursuit still continued to the foot of President's Island as far as the eye could reach, the gun-boats rapidly firing as they went, a shot occasionally being returned from our fleet.
>
> In a short time two of the Federal iron-clad boats were observed steaming back, accompanied by the *Monarch*. The conclusion arrived at was that the remainder of our fleet had met the fate of the others.
>
> The loss of life in this engagement can not yet be estimated with any degree of accuracy. The cannonading, we presume, killed few, but a number are known to have fallen by the enemy's sharp-shooters. Whenever the contending boats came together, rapid reports of guns and pistols could be distinctly heard from the shore. It is supposed that quite a number went down with the sinking vessels.
>
> The loss of the enemy, other than the damage to the ram, has not been ascertained. His boats were altogether superior to ours in every respect, and therefore sustained small loss, save in hand-to-hand encounters.

The following account of forts Wright and Pillow, and of the descent of the Mississippi by the flotilla under Commodore Davis, is from the *Herald* correspondence:

> Fort Pillow is situated on the First Chickasaw bluffs, on the Tennessee shore of the Mississippi River, about seventy miles above Memphis. The course of the bluffs is nearly north and south, and above them the river makes a bend nearly at right angles to the bluff, the upper end of the latter being just at the termination of the bend. At this point a small stream, known as Coal Creek, enters the Mississippi, separating the bluff from the bottom land beyond.
>
> On Thursday morning orders were issued for the gunboats and rams to get under way and move down to the now deserted fort. The rams *Switzerland* and *Monarch* got in motion before the more ponderous gun-boats could swing from their moorings, and steamed slowly past Craighead Point and outward toward the frowning cliff in their front. All eyes were strained to perceive if possible any sign of human occupation: but the bluff was as tenantless as when Ferdinand de Soto discovered that great river. The landing was soon reached, and a party of soldiers springing on shore climbed the parapet of the works, and unfurled the Union flag for the first time from Fort Pillow. A cheer rose from the advancing gun-boats and transports, and in a short time the rebel fortifications were alive with Union soldiers.
>
> Fort Pillow is by far the strongest position yet selected on the river for rebel batteries. The bluff rises abruptly from the stream about a hundred feet, and at all points is very difficult of ascent except where artificial means are used. Along its base for nearly three-fourths of a mile strong works have been constructed about twenty feet above the level of the river. The glacis is at the highest possible angle for earth to be placed, and can now only be ascended in places where the men have dug small steps or foot-holes. At regular intervals along the whole distance the work is properly bastioned, most of the bastions being built of sand-bags, planking, and rammed clay. Some of them are designed for mounting two guns, but most of them for but one. All of the guns were protected by embrasures, though none of them were casemated. The walls of the embrasures are constructed in the strongest manner possible, one of them, and in fact the entire bastion, being of granite, chiseled and built up with great care and nicety. The guns were mounted on firm plank floorings, and commanded the entire river between the fort and Craighead Point. The batteries are built on a bench at the base of the cliff, upward of half a mile in length by fifty yards in width. Several springs gush from the base of the bluff, which rises abruptly, like a wall of granite, and afford clear water to the men within the fort. Four bomb-proof and well-constructed magazines are placed at intervals in rear of the batteries, in the least-exposed positions. Near some of the guns were holes in which the men could retire whenever threatened with bursting shells—probably an imitation of the famous "rat-holes" of General Bragg at the batteries in front of Fort Pickens. On the summit of the bluff commences a series of extensive field-works, extending in the aggregate from five to seven miles, and all provided with a ditch in front that could only be leaped by an agile man.
>
> After a few hours at Fort Pillow the boats moved on down the river, where the retreating craft of the enemy had disappeared but a few hours in advance. The evacuation of the fort was begun on Sunday, but the final departure of troops did not take place till Wednesday, when they left on their transports. On the way down one of our transports laden with troops saw something suspicious at Fulton, two miles below Fort Pillow. On landing she found two twenty-four-pound siege guns loaded with a double charge of grape, and pointed to sweep the river. The carriages were complete, and the two guns were quietly taken on board. Randolph, on the second Chickasaw bluff, at the mouth of the Hatchie, ten miles below Fort Pillow, was evacuated on Tuesday, the commanding officer, Com. Pinckney, saying that, as he was lame, he would like to get a good start. At Fort Randolph are seven disabled guns and a pile of burning cotton. On the summit of the bluff are extensive field-works, similar to those at Fort Pillow, most of them erected in 1861, and evidently designed for resisting a land attack. In a long subterranean passage were several openings to the surface, at one of which your correspondent found several soldiers grouped, greatly amused at the echo of their voices as they shouted down the aperture. Fort Randolph is a strong natural position, but was of no importance to the rebels, Fort Pillow being evacuated. It is the first point on the Mississippi that was fortified after the outbreak of the rebellion, some of the works being constructed more than a year since. It is the first high ground above Memphis, sixty-five miles below, all the intervening country being low bottom-land and swamps, liable to overflow during the period of floods on the Mississippi.

On page 401 we give another picture of the Fight at Memphis, during the closing scene of the affair; and on the same page a picture of the Union Ram landing at Memphis to demand the surrender of the city. Colonel Ellet, commanding the Ram fleet, thus described the affair:

> Yesterday, after the engagement with the rebel fleet had nearly terminated, and the gun-boats and one of my rams had passed below, I was informed that a white flag had been raised in the city. I immediately sent my son, a medical cadet, Charles R. Ellet, ashore with a flag of truce, and the following note to the authorities:
>
> Opposite Memphis, June 6, 1862.
>
> I understand that the City of Memphis has surrendered. I therefore send my son with two United States flags, with instructions to raise one upon the Custom-house and the other upon the Court-house, as evidence of the return of your city to the care and protection of the Constitution.
>
> Charles Ellet, Jun.,
> Colonel Commanding.
>
> The bearer of the flag and the above note was accompanied by Lieutenant Crankell, of the Fifty-ninth Illinois Regiment, and two men of the boat guard.
>
> The following is the reply of the Mayor of the city:
>
> Memphis, June 6, 1862.
>
> *Colonel Charles Ellet, Jun., Commanding, etc.:*
>
> Sir,—Your note of this date is received and the contents noted. The civil authorities of this city are not advised of its surrender to the forces of the United States Government, and our reply to you is simply to state respectfully that we have no forces to oppose the raising of the flags you have directed to be raised over the Custom-house and Post-office.
>
> Respectfully,
> John Park, Mayor.
>
> On receiving this reply, the small party proceeded to the Post-office to raise the national flag, and was there joined by the Mayor. It is proper to say that the conduct of the Mayor and some of the citizens was unexceptionable; but the party was surrounded by an excited crowd, using angry and threatening language. They ascended to the top of the Post-office and planted the flag, though fired upon several times and stoned by the mob below. Still I believe this conduct was reprobated by the people of standing in the place. Indeed, many evidences of an extensive Union sentiment in the place reach me.

GENERAL HEINTZELMAN.

Brigadier-General Samuel P. Heintzelman, whose portrait we publish on page 404, was born in Pennsylvania about the year 1806, and is consequently about fifty-six years of age. He entered the army from West Point in 1826. During the Florida war he, as Quarter-master, disbursed $3,000,000, without the loss of a dollar to the Government. During the early part of the Mexican war he was detailed to muster in volunteers on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. After repeated applications he was relieved from that duty, and reported to the commander at Vera Cruz, where he organized a battalion of recruits and convalescent soldiers, and took up his march for the city of Mexico. He had several engagements with the enemy—a severe one at Huamatta, where Major Walker, of the Texas Rangers, was killed; for this engagement he was brevetted.

At the close of the war Major Heintzelman was ordered with his regiment to California. He was ordered to the command of the southern district of California, where he remained about five years, having during that time established Fort Yuma, and made a personal reconnoissance of some two hundred miles of the Colorado River. He put the first steamer on the Colorado River.

During the time he was in command of this district the numerous tribes of Indians in that neighborhood became hostile, and commenced murdering and plundering the emigrants, who were taking the great Southern route to California. Major Heintzelman was charged with the suppression of these hostilities. That he did it to his own credit and the satisfaction of his Government the following extract from the report of General Hitchcock will show:

> "The General commanding congratulates you and the officers of your command on the termination of the Indian war in the south. To your good judgment and untiring energy and perseverance the country are under many obligations for its successful termination."

During the season of 1859 Major H. was ordered to take command of an expedition to protect the southern borders of Texas against marauding parties instigated by the well-known guerrilla chief, Cortinas. That he performed this duty satisfactorily is vouched for by an extract from General Scott's indorsement on his report of the affair to the War Department:

> "This is the report of a brilliant affair in which Major Heintzelman distinguished himself, as he has done many times years before. I beg to ask a brevet for him in small part to compensate for the injustice done him by the War Department."

Major Heintzelman left Texas a few weeks previous to the treachery of Twiggs. Soon after his arrival, although "on leave," he was put on duty as Inspector-General at Washington. On the 14th of May his commission was renewed as Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel, "for service in an Indian campaign in 1851," and on the 27th day of May he was appointed Colonel of the 17th Infantry, and ordered to the command of a brigade consisting of four regiments of volunteers, with several companies of regular cavalry and artillery, at Alexandria.

He was subsequently appointed to the command of the 3d Division of the army of the Potomac under General M'Dowell. At Bull Run he distinguished himself and was severely wounded, but was among the last to leave the field. On the division of the Army of the Potomac into army corps under General M'Clellan, General Heintzelman obtained command of one of the new corps, and led it with M'Clellan toward Richmond. It was this corps which suffered most at the terrible battle of Fairoaks. Their performance on that occasion reflects the highest credit on General Heintzelman. He has taken his place among the heroes of the day.

THE BATTLE AT FRONT ROYAL.

On page 404 we publish a view of Front Royal, Virginia, and another of the Field in which Colonel Kenly suffered so severely on 23d ult. Both are from sketches by an officer who since visited Front Royal. Major-General Banks, in his official report of the affair, says:

> Front Royal is in itself an indefensible position. Two mountain valleys debouch suddenly upon the town from the south, commanding it by almost inaccessible hills; and it is at the same time exposed to flank movements by other mountain valleys, *via* Strasburg on the west and Chester Gap on the east.
>
> The only practicable defense of this town would be by a force sufficiently strong to hold these mountain passes some miles in advance. Such forces were not at my disposal, and no such expectations were entertained from the slender command of Colonel Kenly. It was a guerrilla force and not an organized and well-appointed army that he was prepared to meet.
>
> On the 23d of May it was discovered that the whole force of the enemy was in movement down the valley of the Shenandoah, between the Massanutten Mountain and the Blue Ridge, and in close proximity to the town. Their cavalry had captured a considerable number of our pickets before the alarm was given. The little band which was charged with the protection of the railroad and bridges found itself instantaneously compelled to choose between an immediate retreat or a contest with the enemy against overwhelming numbers. Colonel Kenly was not the man to avoid a contest, at whatever odds. He immediately drew up his troops in the order he had contemplated in case of attack of less importance. The disposition of his forces had been wisely made to resist a force equal to his own, and the best, perhaps, that could have been devised in his more pressing emergency.
>
> About one o'clock P.M. the alarm was given that the enemy was advancing on the town in force. The infantry companies were drawn up in line of battle about half a mile in the rear of the town. Five companies were detailed to support the artillery, which was placed on the crest of a hill commanding a meadow of some extent, over which the enemy must pass to reach the bridges—one company guarding the regimental camp, nearer to the river, on the right of the line.
>
> The companies, three in number, left to guard the town, were soon compelled to fall back upon the main force. There were then four companies on the right of the battery near the camp, under Lieutenant-Colonel Dushane, and five companies on the left under Colonel Kenly. The battery, Lieutenant Atwell commanding, opened fire upon the enemy advancing from the hills on the right and left, well supported by the infantry, doing much damage. A detachment of the Fifth New York cavalry was ordered to advance upon the road, which was attempted, but did not succeed. They held this position for an hour, when they were compelled to retreat across the river, which was done in good order, their camp and stores having been first destroyed.
>
> On the opposite side their lines were again formed, and the battery, in position, opened its fire upon the enemy while fording the river. They were again ordered to move, left in front, on the Winchester road, and had proceeded about two miles when they were overtaken by the enemy's cavalry, and a fearful fight ensued, which ended in the complete destruction of the command. Colonel Kenly, at the head of his column, was wounded in this action. The train and one gun were captured. One gun was brought within five miles of Winchester, and abandoned by Lieutenant Atwell only when his horses were broken down. The enemy's force is estimated at eight thousand. The fighting was mostly done by the cavalry on the side of the rebels, with active support from the infantry and artillery. Our own force did not exceed nine hundred men. They held their ground manfully, yielding only to the irresistible power of overwhelming numbers. Prisoners captured since the affair represent that our troops fought with great valor, and that the losses of the enemy were large. A prisoner captured near Martinsburg, who was in the Front Royal army, states that twenty-five men were killed in the charge on the Buckton station. Six companies of cavalry charged upon our troops at that place. The killed and wounded numbered forty odd. Among the killed were Captain Sheats and Captain Fletcher. The name of the prisoner is John Sayer.
>
> It is impossible at this time to give a detailed account of our losses. Reports from the officers of the regiment represent that but eight commissioned officers and one hundred and twenty men have reported. Of these officers five were in the engagement, two absent on detached service, and one on furlough. All the regimental officers were captured. Colonel Kenly, who was represented to have been killed, is now understood to be held a prisoner. He is severely wounded. Lieutenant Atwell reports that of thirty-eight men attached to his battery but twelve have reported. The cavalry was more fortunate, and suffered comparatively little loss. Undoubtedly large numbers of the command will yet return, but it is impossible to speculate upon the number.

OUR FLEET IN THE JAMES RIVER.

We devote page 405 to illustrations of the operations of Our Fleet in the James River. One of our pictures represents Fort Darling, which was lately attacked by Commander Rodgers with the *Galena*, *Monitor*, and other vessels. A letter from one of the ships engaged said:

> At 8 A.M. we came in sight of the battery called Fort Darling, situated just beyond a sharp turn in the river, and about one hundred and fifty feet above it. Just abreast of it the wrecks of several vessels could be seen, completely blocking up the channel. These are said to be the *Jamestown*, *Yorktown*, *Teaser*, *Patrick Henry*, *Curtis Peck*, and *Northampton*, besides several scows and schooners. The fleet now approached in the following order: The *Galena*, *Monitor*, *Aroostook*, *Port Royal*, *Stevens Battery*. The river was here very narrow, and the channel did not exceed sixty yards in width, and was quite intricate. The vessels, therefore, could not shift positions readily, but were obliged to come to anchor and work from springs on their cables.

After describing the fight, with the details of which our readers are familiar, he adds:

> Too much praise can not be given to Commander Rodgers and the other officers of the expedition for the gallant manner in which the boats were handled, and for the rapidity and accuracy of their fire, exposed as they were at anchor in a narrow channel to a heavy plunging fire from a casemated battery, and of musketry from the banks. The narrowness and shallow water of the channel, and the close range at which the gun-boats lay—being only from 600 to 1000 yards from the battery—made it one of the most brilliant actions of the war, and the small loss sustained is very surprising.

Of the reconnoissance the author of the sketch which we reproduce says:

On the morning of Friday, May 30, the United States steamers *Mahaska*, Captain N. B. Harrison, and *Jacob Bell*, Captain E. P. M'Rea, ran down the river from the rendezvous at City Point, about eighteen miles, to take and spike the guns of the battery at Fort Powhatan. Having arrived in position, an armed boat, with a small detachment of marines, was sent ashore from the *Mahaska*, followed by another from the *Bell;* but the party, after scaling the bank, which is here about thirty feet high, found the works had a few days before been deserted. The battery is partially concealed behind a large wood-pile on the top of the bank. At the foot, nearer the river, is seen the remains of Fort Powhatan, a Revolutionary ruin of no little interest.

CAMP PUNISHMENTS.

On page 412 we illustrate two of the punishments adopted in our army. One of the pictures represents the Drumming out of a Coward from General Burnside's Army. The fellow was marched through the lines between a file of soldiers, with his head cropped, and a large placard "coward" affixed to his back, while the band played the "Rogue's March." The other picture represents one of the punishments for drunkenness adopted in General Halleck's Army of the Mississippi. The drunkard is made to get into a barrel, which is so suspended that his head and his feet project, and locomotion, if not agreeable, is not impossible. The barrel is labeled, "Too fond of whisky." Thus accoutred, the miserable fellow is the butt of the scoffs and jeers of his comrades for a day, and learns a lesson which ought to teach him the virtue of temperance for the rest of his life.

THE SIGNAL CORPS.

The sketches on page 406 will be particularly interesting at this time, when so much is heard of the Signal Corps. Major Myer, the Signal Officer of the Army and Chief of the Corps, was appointed from New York State, and entered the army in 1854. For many years he has worked in maturing his system, now the most complete ever organized; and when he received his commission as Major, indorsed by the highest military talent, and with authority to organize and instruct a class in the new code, it is a noticeable fact that his appointment was violently opposed by Jeff Davis.

With the means now at his disposal, Major Myer can have an uninterrupted line of signals established from the blockade of the Potomac to the extreme right of the army in six hours, each telescope sweeping the field of vision of those on the adjacent stations.

There are now signal officers detailed to the armies in Kentucky, in South Carolina, and with Burnside in North Carolina, and a party will soon be sent to the expeditions on the Mississippi. To prevent such accidents as have occurred by our troops firing into each other, Major Myer should, without a day's delay, be provided with the means of introducing the countersign signals throughout the whole army. The value and necessity of this system has been fully demonstrated in official reports.

The centre picture of the engraving represents an officer, accompanied by his flagman, at his station on the field of battle, his telescope slung to a tree for steadiness, and a star instead of a square on his flag, denoting that it has already been carried under fire in a manner to receive honorable mention for service on the battle-field. On the left is a party using torch signals. To the right, signaling at sea. Above, an officer is represented who has climbed a tree, by the assistance of a lariat, to get above the neighboring woods for observation. In the centre is a signal officer reconnoitring with his glass, his flag kept working out of sight of the enemy; and on the left platforms erected in trees to form a station. In the lower compartments an officer standing on a limber to get a view over the line of men moving at the double quick; a party running the gauntlet of the enemy's skirmishers to take up a position, and another party signaling on horseback, the large figures representing signalmen equipped and prepared to go upon duty.

In making these sketches I have received valuable assistance from Lieutenant N. Daniels, signal officer, for whose courtesy I here tender my acknowledgments.

Waud.

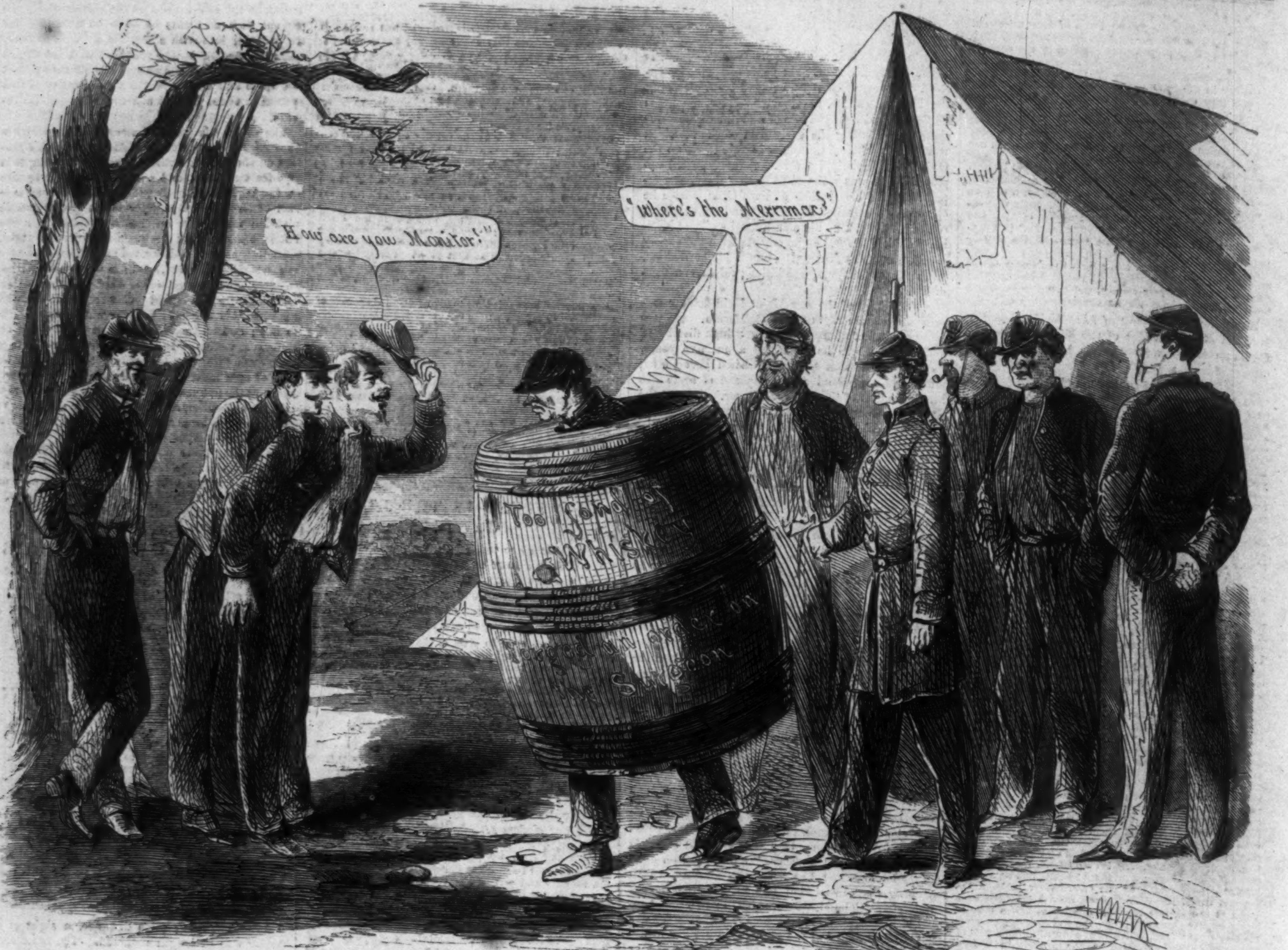
THE BATTLE AT TRANTER'S CREEK, NORTH CAROLINA.

Our artist with General Burnside's expedition has sent us a sketch of the recent Battle at Tranter's Creek, fought on June 5; we reproduce it on page 413. The enemy it seems had been gathering in some force in the neighborhood of Washington, North Carolina, and after awaiting an attack for some time, our officers determined to assume the offensive. The *Herald* correspondent thus tells the story:

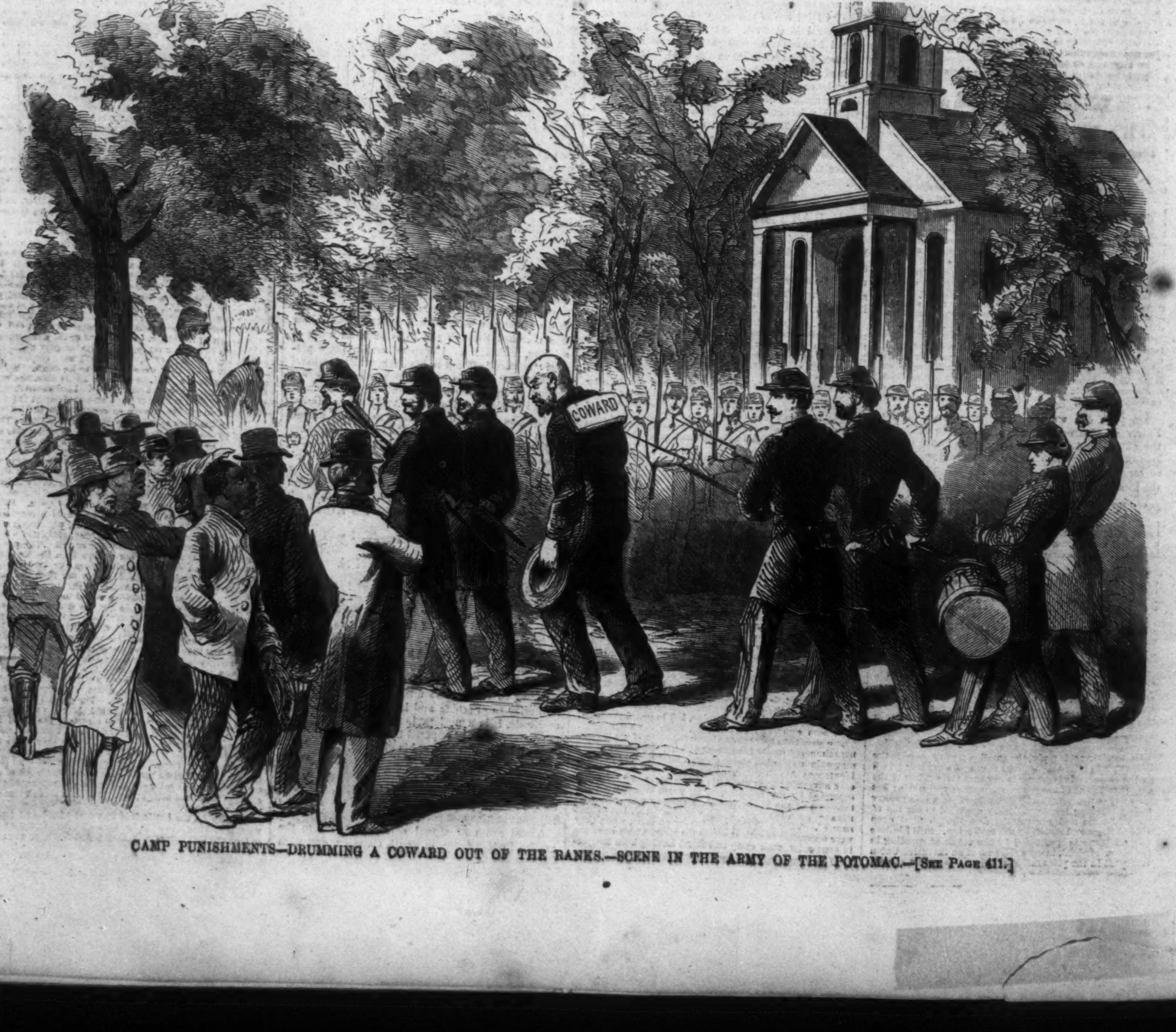
> On Thursday morning, June 5, a reconnoissance in force started from here (Washington) under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Osborn, commanding the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts regiment, accompanied by Colonel Potter of the First North Carolina Union Volunteers, and Lieutenants Strong and Pendleton, the two latter officers acting as aids. The expedition consisted of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts regiment, Company I of the Third New York cavalry, under command of Captain Jocknick and Lieutenant Allis, and a detachment from Colonel Howard's Marine Artillery, under command of Lieutenant Avery.
>
> The infantry and artillery, having taken up the line of march, formed a junction with the cavalry on the outskirts of the town, when all advanced along the Greenville road, while the gun-boat *Picket*, Captain Nichols, proceeded up Tar River and shelled the woods ahead.

After marching some distance, a sight of the enemy was at length obtained. The same correspondent writes:

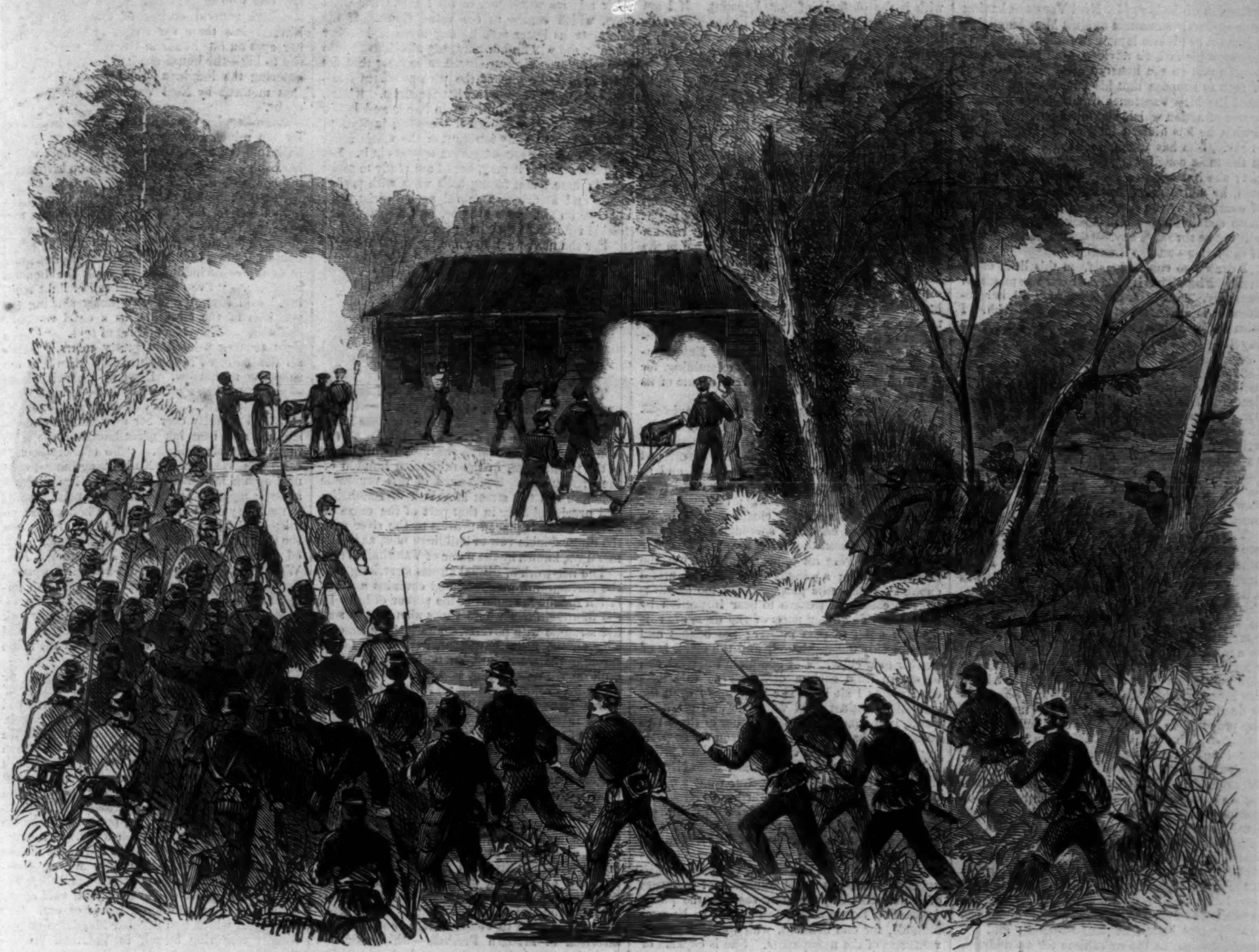
> In order to understand the progress of the fight, it may be well to here give a brief description of the vicinity. The road, near where it crosses the bridge, descends through a ravine or gorge, and, turning suddenly to the left, skims along by the edge of the creek, which at this point is more properly a wide pond or swamp, filled with stumps of trees. On the bridge are a saw-mill and cotton gin, whose power is derived from the flowing of the water. The rebels had taken up the boards of the bridge between the two buildings, and with them constructed a breastwork, if it might be so called, near the cotton gin.
>
> The column at length got in motion again from the widow's house, and the skirmishers, having descended the ravine, cautiously moved toward the bridge. The advance-guard was from Company A, and under command of Lieutenant Jarvis. Coming from under cover of the trees, they moved up the inclined plane at the foot of the bridge, and suddenly discovered a row of heads behind the breastwork of boards, and the guns all leveled toward them. Sergeant Shepard and a companion fired, and a heavy volley came in return. Lieutenant Jarvis fell at the first fire. The rest of the advance returned the volley, and then fell back on the main body. Colonel Osborn immediately ordered forward the artillery, and in less time than it takes to narrate it the gallant marines, under Lieutenant Avery, came dashing down the hill with their guns, which they stationed, one bearing on the enemy's front through the arch of the saw-mill, the other to the left of the bridge, and raking the enemy on their right flank. The main body of the infantry also came forward on the double-quick, while Captain Jocknick formed his cavalry on the brow of the hill, ready to charge the enemy at the decisive moment, though, as it afterward happened, no opportunity was afforded to his men to strike a blow, owing to the nature of the affair. On account of the narrowness of the road, only three companies of the infantry could be brought into action at once, and the rest were disposed of in the rear, where they were ordered to lie down. With one company in the road, and one on either side, the engagement regularly opened on our side. Lieutenant Avery discharged several rounds of shell and canister at the enemy's position; for they were so concealed in the bridge and behind the trees as to be completely out of sight. The infantry poured a terrific fire across and on either side of the bridge, the riddled beams and posts of which soon gave token of the showers of balls which were passing and repassing. A number of rebels had secreted themselves in the left of the cotton gin, and were firing very briskly when driven out by a shell which Lieutenant Avery lodged in the building. Others again were discovered ensconced in the tree-tops on the opposite side of the creek. Lieutenant Avery elevated his pieces, and fired a couple of rounds of canister through the branches, whereupon several bodies were seen to fall to the ground, at sight of which our boys burst into a prolonged cheer or yell. The steady firing of the artillery and the volleys from the Twenty-fourth at length drove the rebels from the bridge, and, falling back, they kept up a desultory fire from the trees and the edge of the creek. At length the word was given to charge. The artillery fired a round to clear the way, and, under cover of the smoke and the effects of the canister, our boys with fixed bayonets dashed upon the bridge, and, headed by Colonel Potter, advanced on a run to the point where the boards had been taken up. Replacing them as best they could, they passed over, and found themselves undisputed occupants of the field; for the rebels had fled down the creek and through the woods, leaving behind them three of their dead and a large quantity of muskets, shot-guns, swords, sabres, and other weapons. Their rout was thorough and complete. The ground was covered with pools of blood, showing that their loss was pretty heavy, though it is impossible to ascertain the exact figures, as they carried off all their dead and wounded except the three bodies above referred to, which they could not rescue owing to the heavy fire of our artillery on the spot where they were lying. At the opposite side of the bridge the rebels had thrown up a temporary breast-work of cotton bales in an angular shape, with the corner nearest the approach from the bridge; but it failed to serve them as a means of defense.
>
> Our loss on the battle-field was four killed and twelve wounded; but three of the latter died soon after the fight, so that our loss now stands seven killed and nine wounded.


"How are you Monitor!"
"where's the Merrimac?"
Too fond of Whiskey
Forced on order on the Surgeon

CAMP PUNISHMENTS—TOO FOND OF WHISKY.—SCENE IN THE ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.—[SEE PAGE 411.]



CAMP PUNISHMENTS—DRUMMING A COWARD OUT OF THE RANKS.—SCENE IN THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—[SEE PAGE 411.]



THE BATTLE OF TRANTER'S CREEK, NEAR WASHINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA, ON JUNE 5, 1862.—Sketched by Mr. A. Wiser.—[See Page 411.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

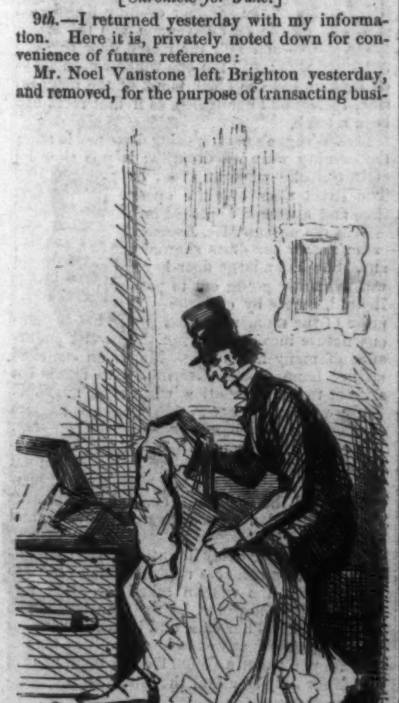
CHRONICLE OF EVENTS: PRESERVED IN CAPTAIN WRAGGE'S DISPATCH BOX.

IX.

[*Chronicle for June.*]

9th.—I returned yesterday with my information. Here it is, privately noted down for convenience of future reference:

Mr. Noel Vanstone left Brighton yesterday, and removed, for the purpose of transacting business in London, to one of his late father's empty houses in Vauxhall Walk, Lambeth. This singularly mean selection of a place of residence, on the part of a gentleman of fortune, looks as if Mr. N. V. and his money were not easily parted.



Mr. Noel Vanstone has stepped into his father's shoes under the following circumstances. Mr. Michael Vanstone appears to have died, curiously enough, as Mr. Andrew Vanstone died—intestate. With this difference, however, in the two cases, that the younger brother left an informal will, and the elder brother left no will at all. The hardest men have their weaknesses; and Mr. Michael Vanstone's weakness seems to have been an insurmountable horror of contemplating the event of his own death. His son, his housekeeper, and his lawyer, had all three tried, over and over again, to get him to make a will; and had never shaken his obstinate resolution to put off performing the only business-duty he was ever known to neglect. Two doctors attended him in his last illness; warned him that he was too old a man to hope to get over it; and warned him in vain. He announced his own positive determination not to die. His last words in this world (as I succeeded in discovering from the nurse, who assisted Mrs. Lecount) were: "I'm getting better every minute; send for the fly directly and take me out for a drive." The same night Death proved to be the more obstinate of the two, and left his son (and only child) to take the property in due course of law. Nobody doubts that the result would have been the same if a will had been made. The father and son had every confidence in each other, and were known to have always lived together on the most friendly terms.

Mrs. Lecount remains with Mr. Noel Vanstone, in the same housekeeping capacity which she filled with his father, and has accompanied him to the new residence in Vauxhall Walk. She is acknowledged on all hands to have been a sufferer by the turn events have taken. If Mr. Michael Vanstone had made his will, there is no doubt she would have received a handsome legacy. She is now left dependent on Mr. Noel Vanstone's sense of gratitude; and she is not at all likely, I should imagine, to let that sense fall asleep for want of a little timely jogging. Whether my fair relative's future intentions in this quarter point toward Mischief or Money is more than I can yet say. In either case I venture a prediction that she will find an awkward obstacle in Mrs. Lecount.

So much for my information to the present date. The manner in which it was received by Miss Vanstone showed the most ungrateful distrust of me. She confided nothing to my private ear but the expression of her best thanks. A sharp girl—a devilish sharp girl. But there *is* such a thing as bowling a man out once too often, especially when the name of that man happens to be Wragge.

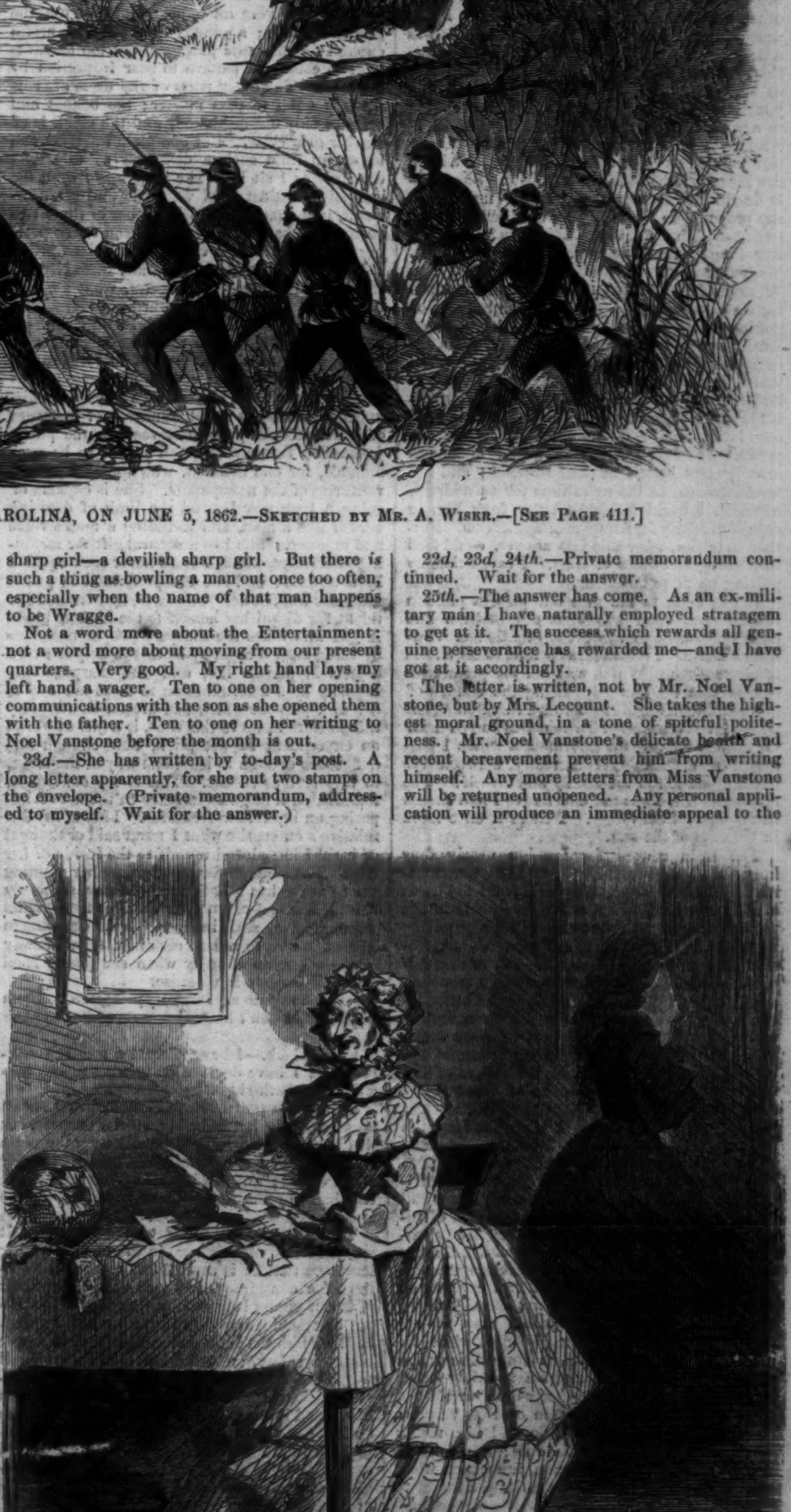
Not a word more about the Entertainment: not a word more about moving from our present quarters. Very good. My right hand lays my left hand a wager. Ten to one on her opening communications with the son as she opened them with the father. Ten to one on her writing to Noel Vanstone before the month is out.

23d.—She has written by to-day's post. A long letter apparently, for she put two stamps on the envelope. (Private memorandum, addressed to myself. Wait for the answer.)

22d, 23d, 24th.—Private memorandum continued. Wait for the answer.

25th.—The answer has come. As an ex-military man I have naturally employed stratagem to get at it. The success which rewards all genuine perseverance has rewarded me—and I have got at it accordingly.

The letter is written, not by Mr. Noel Vanstone, but by Mrs. Lecount. She takes the highest moral ground, in a tone of spiteful politeness. Mr. Noel Vanstone's delicate health and recent bereavement prevent him from writing himself. Any more letters from Miss Vanstone will be returned unopened. Any personal application will produce an immediate appeal to the



"NO BUZZING IN MY HEAD! NO CAPTAIN TO SHAVE TO-MORROW!"

protection of the law, Mr. Noel Vanstone having been expressly cautioned against Miss Magdalen Vanstone by his late lamented father, has not yet forgotten his father's advice. Considers it a reflection cast on the honored memory of the best of men to suppose that his course of action toward the Miss Vanstones can be other than the course of action which his father pursued. This is what he has himself instructed Mrs. Lecount to say. She has endeavored to express herself in the most conciliatory language she could select; she has tried to avoid giving unnecessary pain, by addressing Miss Vanstone (as a matter of courtesy) by the family name; and she trusts these concessions, which speak for themselves, will not be thrown away.—[Such is the substance of the letter—and so it ends.]

I draw two conclusions from this little document. First, That it will lead to serious mischief. Secondly, That Mrs. Lecount, with all her politeness, is a dangerous woman to deal with. I wish I saw my way safe before me. I don't see it yet:

29th.—Miss Vanstone has abandoned my protection, and the whole lucrative future of the dramatic Entertainment has abandoned me with her. I am swindled—I, the last man under Heaven who could possibly have expected to write in those disgraceful terms of himself—I AM SWINDLED!

Let me chronicle the events. They exhibit me, for the time being, in a sadly helpless point of view. But the nature of the man prevails; I must have the events down in black and white.

The announcement of her approaching departure was intimated to me yesterday. After another civil speech about the information I had procured at Brighton, she hinted that there was a necessity for pushing our inquiries a little further. I immediately offered to undertake them, as before. "No," she said; "they are not in your way this time. They are inquiries relating to a woman, and I mean to make them myself!" Feeling privately convinced that this new resolution pointed straight at Mrs. Lecount, I tried a few innocent questions on the subject. She quietly declined to answer them. I asked next, when she proposed to leave. She would leave on the twenty-eighth. For what destination? London. For long? Probably not. By herself? No. With me? No. With whom then? With Mrs. Wragge, if I had no objection. Good Heavens! for what possible purpose? For the purpose of getting a respectable lodging, which she could hardly expect to accomplish unless she was accompanied by an elderly female friend. And was I, in the capacity of elderly male friend, to be left out of the business altogether? Impossible to say at present. Was I not even to forward any letters which might come for her at our present address? No; she would make the arrangement herself at the post-office; and she would ask me at the same time for an address, at which I could receive a letter from her, in case of necessity for future communication. Further inquiries, after this last answer, could lead to nothing but waste of time. I saved time by putting no more questions.

It was clear to me that our present position toward each other was what our position had been previously to the event of Michael Vanstone's death. I returned, as before, to my choice of alternatives. Which way did my private interests point? Toward trusting the chance of her wanting me again? Toward threatening her with the interference of her relatives and friends? Or toward making the information which I possessed a marketable commodity between the wealthy branch of the family and myself? The last of the three was the alternative I had chosen in the case of the father. I chose it once more in the case of the son.

The train started for London nearly four hours since, and took her away in it, accompanied by Mrs. Wragge. My wife is far too great a fool, poor soul, to be actively valuable in the present emergency; but she will be passively useful in keeping up Miss Vanstone's connection with me—and, in consideration of that circumstance, I consent to brush my own trowsers, shave my own chin, and submit to the other inconveniences of waiting on myself for a limited period. Any faint glimmerings of sense which Mrs. Wragge may have formerly possessed appear to have now finally taken their leave of her. On receiving permission to go to London, she favored us immediately with two inquiries: Might she do some shopping? and might she leave the cookery-book behind her? Miss Vanstone said Yes to one question, and I said Yes to the other; and from that moment Mrs. Wragge has existed in a state of perpetual laughter. I am still hoarse with vainly-repeated applications of vocal stimulant; and I left her in the railway carriage, to my inexpressible disgust, with *both* shoes down at heel. Under ordinary circumstances these absurd particulars would not have dwelt on my memory. But, as matters actually stand, my unfortunate wife's imbecility may, in her present position, lead to consequences which we none of us foresee. She is nothing more or less than a grown-up child; and I can plainly detect that Miss Vanstone trusts her as she would not have trusted a sharper woman on that very account. I know children, little and big, rather better than my fair relative does; and I say—beware of all forms of human innocence when it happens to be your interest to keep a secret to yourself.

Let me return to business. Here I am, at two o'clock on a fine summer's afternoon, left entirely alone, to consider the safest means of approaching Mr. Noel Vanstone on my own account. My private suspicions of his miserly character produce no discouraging effect on me. I have extracted cheering pecuniary results in my time from people quite as fond of their money as he can be. The real difficulty to contend with is the obstacle of Mrs. Lecount. If I am not mistaken, this lady merits a little serious consideration on my part. I will close my chronicle for to-day, and give Mrs. Lecount her due.

Three o'clock.—I open these pages again, to record a discovery which has taken me entirely by surprise.

After completing the last entry, a circumstance revived in my memory which I had noticed on escorting the ladies this morning to the railway. I then remarked that Miss Vanstone had only taken one of her three boxes with her, and it now occurred to me that a private investigation of the luggage she had left behind might possibly be attended with beneficial results. Having at certain periods of my life been in the habit of cultivating friendly terms with strange locks, I found no difficulty in establishing myself on a familiar footing with Miss Vanstone's boxes. One of the two presented nothing to interest me. The other—devoted to the preservation of the costumes, articles of toilet, and other properties used in the dramatic Entertainment—proved to be better worth examining, for it led me straight to the discovery of one of its owner's secrets.

I found all the dresses in the box complete—with one remarkable exception. That exception was the dress of the old North-country lady; the character which I have already mentioned as the best of all my pupil's disguises, and as modeled in voice and manner on her old governess, Miss Garth. The wig; the eyebrows; the bonnet and veil; the cloak, padded inside to disfigure her back and shoulders; the paints and cosmetics used to age her face and alter her complexion—were all gone. Nothing but the gown remained; a gaudily flowered silk, useful enough for dramatic purposes, but too extravagant in color and pattern to bear inspection by daylight. The other parts of the dress are sufficiently quiet to pass muster; the bonnet and veil are only old-fashioned, and the cloak is of a sober gray color. But one plain inference can be drawn from such a discovery as this. As certainly as I sit here, she is going to open the campaign against Noel Vanstone and Mrs. Lecount, in a character which neither of those two persons can have any possible reason for suspecting at the outset—the character of Miss Garth.

What course am I to take under these circumstances? Having got her secret, what am I to do with it? These are awkward considerations; I am rather puzzled how to deal with them.

It is something more than the mere fact of her choosing to disguise herself to forward her own private ends that causes my present perplexity. Hundreds of girls take fancies for disguising themselves; and hundreds of instances of it are related, year after year, in the public journals. But my ex-pupil is not to be confounded, for one moment, with the average adventuress of the newspapers. She is capable of going a long way beyond the limit of dressing herself like a man, and imitating a man's voice and manner. She has a natural gift for assuming characters, which I have never seen equaled by a woman; and she has performed in public until she has felt her own power, and trained her talent for disguising herself to the highest pitch. A girl who takes the sharpest people unawares by using such a capacity as this to help her own objects in private life, and who sharpens that capacity by a determination to fight her way to her own purpose which has beaten down every thing before it, up to this time, is a girl who tries an experiment in deception, new enough and dangerous enough to lead, one way or the other, to very serious results. This is my conviction, founded on a large experience in the art of imposing on my fellow-creatures. I say of my fair relative's enterprise what I never said or thought of it till I introduced myself to the inside of her box. The chances for and against her winning the fight for her lost fortune are now so evenly balanced, that I can not for the life of me see on which side the scale inclines. All I can discern is, that it will, to a dead certainty, turn one way or the other, on the day when she passes Noel Vanstone's doors in disguise.

[Which way do my interests point now? Upon my honor, I don't know.]

Five o'clock.—I have effected a masterly compromise; I have decided on turning myself into a Jack-on-both-sides.

By to-day's post I have dispatched to London an anonymous letter for Mr. Noel Vanstone. It will be forwarded to its destination by the same means which I successfully adopted to mystify Mr. Pendril; and it will reach Vauxhall Walk, Lambeth, by the afternoon of to-morrow at the latest.

The letter is short, and to the purpose. It warns Mr. Noel Vanstone in the most alarming language that he is destined to become the victim of a conspiracy, and that the prime mover of it is a young lady who has already held written communication with his father and himself. It offers him the information necessary to secure his own safety, on condition that he makes it worth the writer's while to run the serious personal risk which such a disclosure will entail on him; and it ends by stipulating that the answer shall be advertised in the *Times*, shall be addressed to "An Unknown Friend," and shall state plainly what remuneration Mr. Noel Vanstone offers for the priceless service which it is proposed to render him.

Unless some unexpected complication occurs, this letter places me exactly in the position which it is my present interest to occupy. If the advertisement appears, and if the remuneration offered is large enough to justify me in going over to the camp of the enemy, over I go. If no advertisement appears, or if Mr. Noel Vanstone rates my invaluable assistance at too low a figure, here I remain, biding my time till my fair relative wants me, or till I make her want me, which comes to the same thing. If the anonymous letter falls by any accident into her hands, she will find disparaging allusions in it to myself, purposely introduced to suggest that the writer must be one of the persons whom I addressed while conducting her inquiries. If Mrs. Lecount takes the business in hand, and lays a trap for me—I decline her tempting invitation, by becoming totally ignorant of the whole affair the instant any second person appears in it. Let the end come as it may, here I am ready to profit by it; here I am, facing both ways with perfect ease and security—a moral agriculturist, with his eye on two crops at once, and his swindler's sickle ready for any emergency.

For the next week to come the newspaper will be more interesting to me than ever. I wonder which side I shall eventually belong to?

THE THIRD SCENE.

VAUXHALL WALK, LAMBETH.

CHAPTER I.

THE old Archiepiscopal Palace of Lambeth, on the southern bank of the Thames—with its Bishop's Walk and Garden, and its terrace fronting the river—is an architectural relic of the London of former times, precious to all lovers of the picturesque, in the utilitarian London of the present day. Southward of this venerable structure lies the street labyrinth of Lambeth; and nearly midway in that part of the maze of houses which is placed nearest to the river runs the dingy double row of buildings now, as in former days, known by the name of Vauxhall Walk.

The net-work of dismal streets stretching over the surrounding neighborhood contains a population for the most part of the poorer order. In the thoroughfares where shops abound the sordid struggle with poverty shows itself unreservedly on the filthy pavement, gathers its forces through the week, and, strengthening to a tumult on Saturday night, sees the Sunday morning dawn in murky gaslight. Miserable women, whose faces never smile, haunt the butchers' shops in such London localities as these with relics of the men's wages saved from the public house clutched fast in their hands, with eyes that devour the meat they dare not buy, with eager fingers that touch it covetously, as the fingers of their richer sisters touch a precious stone. In this district, as in other districts remote from the wealthy quarters of the metropolis, the hideous London vagabond—with the filth of the street outmatched in his speech, with the mud of the street outdirtied in his clothes—lounges, lowering and brutal, at the street corner and the gin-shop door; the public disgrace of his country, the unheeded warning of social troubles that are yet to come. Here the loud self-assertion of Modern Progress—which has reformed so much in manners, and altered so little in men—meets the flat contradiction that scatters its pretensions to the winds. Here, while the national prosperity feasts, like another Belshazzar, on the spectacle of its own magnificence, is the Writing on the Wall, which warns the monarch, Money, that his glory is weighed in the balance, and his power found wanting.

Situated in such a neighborhood as this, Vauxhall Walk gains by comparison, and establishes claims to respectability which no impartial observation can fail to recognize. A large proportion of the Walk is still composed of private houses. In the scattered situations where shops appear, those shops are not besieged by the crowds of more populous thoroughfares. Commerce is not turbulent, nor is the public consumer besieged by loud invitations to "buy." Bird-fanciers have sought the congenial tranquillity of the scene; and pigeons coo, and canaries twitter in Vauxhall Walk. Second-hand carts and cabs, bedsteads of a certain age, detached carriage wheels for those who may want one to make up a set, are all to be found here in the same repository. One tributary stream in the great flood of gas which illuminates London, tracks its parent source to Works established in this locality. Here, the followers of John Wesley have set up a temple, built before the period of Methodist conversion to the principles of architectural religion. And here—most striking object of all—on the site where thousands of lights once sparkled; where sweet sounds of music made night tuneful till morning dawned; where the beauty and fashion of London feasted and danced through the summer seasons of a century—spreads, at this day, an awful wilderness of mud and rubbish; the deserted dead body of Vauxhall Gardens mouldering in the open air.

On the same day when Captain Wragge completed the last entry in his Chronicle of Events, a woman appeared at the window of one of the houses in Vauxhall Walk, and removed from the glass a printed paper which had been wafered to it, announcing that Apartments were to be let. The apartments consisted of two rooms on the first floor. They had just been taken for a week certain, by two ladies who had paid in advance—those two ladies being Magdalen and Mrs. Wragge.

As soon as the mistress of the house had left the room, Magdalen walked to the window and cautiously looked out from it at the row of buildings opposite. They were of superior pretensions in size and appearance to the other houses in the Walk: the date at which they had been erected was inscribed on one of them, and was stated to be the year 1759. They stood back from the pavement, separated from it by little strips of garden ground. This peculiarity of position, added to the breadth of the roadway interposing between them and the smaller houses opposite, made it impossible for Magdalen to see the numbers on the doors, or to observe more of any one who might come to the windows than the bare general outline of dress and figure. Nevertheless there she stood, anxiously fixing her eyes on one house in the row, nearly opposite to her—the house she had looked for before entering the lodgings; the house inhabited at that moment by Noel Vanstone and Mrs. Lecount.

After keeping watch at the window, in silence, for ten minutes or more, she suddenly looked back into the room, to observe the effect which her behavior might have produced on her traveling companion.

Not the slightest cause appeared for any apprehension in that quarter. Mrs. Wragge was seated at the table, absorbed in the arrangement of a series of smart circulars and tempting price-lists, issued by advertising tradespeople, and flung in at the cab-windows as they left the London terminus. "I've often heard tell of light reading," said Mrs. Wragge, restlessly shifting the positions of the circulars, as a child restlessly shifts the positions of a new set of toys. "Here's light reading printed in pretty colors. Here's all the Things I'm going to buy when I'm out shopping to-morrow. Lend us a pencil, please—you won't be angry, will you?—I do so want to mark 'em off." She looked up at Magdalen, chuckled joyfully over her own altered circumstances, and beat her great hands on the table in irrepressible delight. "No cookery-book!" cried Mrs. Wragge. "No Buzzing in my head! no Captain to shave to-morrow! I'm all down at heel; my cap's on one-side; and nobody bawls at me. My heart alive, here *is* a holiday and no mistake!" Her hands began to drum again on the table louder than ever, until Magdalen quieted them by presenting her with a pencil. Mrs. Wragge instantly recovered her dignity, squared her elbows on the table, and plunged into imaginary shopping for the rest of the evening.

Magdalen returned to the window. She took a chair, seated herself behind the curtain, and steadily fixed her eyes once more on the house opposite.

The blinds were down over the windows of the first floor and the second. The window of the room on the ground-floor was uncovered and partly open, but no living creature came near it. Doors opened, and people came and went, in the houses on either side; children by the dozen poured out on the pavement to play, and invaded the little strips of garden-ground to recover lost balls and shuttlecocks; streams of people passed backward and forward perpetually; heavy wagons, piled high with goods, lumbered along the road, on their way to, or their way from, the railway station near; all the daily life of the district stirred with its ceaseless activity in every direction but one. The hours passed—and there was the house opposite still shut up, still void of any signs of human existence, inside or out. The one object which had decided Magdalen on personally venturing herself in Vauxhall Walk—the object of studying the looks, manners, and habits of Mrs. Lecount and her master from a post of observation known only to herself—was, thus far, utterly defeated. After three hours' watching at the window, she had not even discovered enough to show her that the house was inhabited at all.

Shortly after six o'clock the landlady disturbed Mrs. Wragge's studies by spreading the cloth for dinner. Magdalen placed herself at the table, in a position which still enabled her to command the view from the window. Nothing happened. The dinner came to an end; Mrs. Wragge (lulled by the narcotic influences of annotating circulars and eating and drinking with an appetite sharpened by the captain's absence) withdrew to an arm-chair, and fell asleep in an attitude which would have caused her husband the acutest mental suffering; seven o'clock struck; the shadows of the summer evening lengthened stealthily on the gray pavement and the brown house walls—and still the closed door opposite remained shut; still the one window open showed nothing but the black blank of the room inside, lifeless and changeless as if that room had been a tomb,

Mrs. Wragge's meek snoring deepened in tone; the evening wore on drearily; it was close on eight o'clock—when an event happened at last. The street door opposite opened for the first time and a woman appeared on the threshold.

Was the woman Mrs. Lecount? No. As she came nearer her dress showed her to be a servant. She had a large door-key in her hand, and was evidently going out to perform an errand. Roused, partly by curiosity—partly by the impulse of the moment, which urged her impetuous nature into action, after the passive endurance of many hours past—Magdalen snatched up her bonnet, and determined to follow the servant to her destination, wherever it might be.

The woman led her to the great thoroughfare of shops close at hand, called Lambeth Walk. After proceeding some little distance, and looking about her with the hesitation of a person not well acquainted with the neighborhood, the servant crossed the road, and entered a stationer's shop. Magdalen crossed the road after her, and followed her in.

The inevitable delay in entering the shop under these circumstances made Magdalen too late to hear what the woman asked for. The first words spoken, however, by the man behind the counter reached her ears, and informed her that the servant's object was to buy a railway Guide.

"Do you mean a Guide for this month? or a Guide for July?" asked the shopman, addressing his customer.

"Master didn't tell me which," answered the woman. "All I know is, he's going into the country the day after to-morrow."

"The day after to-morrow is the first of July," said the shopman. "The Guide your master wants is the Guide for the new month. It won't be published till to-morrow."

Engaging to call again on the next day the servant left the shop and took the way that led back to Vauxhall Walk.

Magdalen purchased the first trifle she saw on the counter, and hastily returned in the same direction. The discovery she had just made was of very serious importance to her; and she felt the necessity of acting on it with as little delay as possible.

On entering the front room at the lodgings she found Mrs. Wragge just awake, lost in drowsy bewilderment, with her cap fallen off on her shoulders, and with one of her shoes missing altogether. Magdalen endeavored to persuade her that she was tired after her journey, and that her wisest proceeding would be to go to bed. Mrs. Wragge was perfectly willing to profit by this suggestion, provided she could find her shoe first. In looking for the shoe she unfortunately discovered the circulars, put by on a side-table, and forthwith recovered her recollection of the earlier proceedings of the evening.

"Give us the pencil," said Mrs. Wragge, shuffling the circulars in a violent hurry. "I can't go to bed yet—I haven't half done marking down the things I want. Let's see; where did I leave off? *Try Finch's feeding-bottle for Infants.* No! there's a cross against that: the cross means I don't want it. *Comfort in the Field. Buckler's Indestructible Hunting Breeches.* Oh, dear, dear! I've lost the place. No, I haven't! Here it is; here's my mark against it. *Elegant Cashmere Robes; strictly oriental, very grand; reduced to one pound, nineteen, and sixpence. Be in time. Only three left.* Only three! Oh do lend us the money, and let's go and get one!"

"Not to-night," said Magdalen. "Suppose you go to bed now, and finish the circulars to-morrow? I will put them by the bedside for you; and you can go on with them as soon as you wake, the first thing in the morning."

This suggestion met with Mrs. Wragge's immediate approval. Magdalen took her into the next room, and put her to bed like a child—with her toys by her side. The room was so narrow and the bed was so small, and Mrs. Wragge, arrayed in the white apparel proper for the occasion—with her moon-face framed round by a spacious halo of night-cap—looked so hugely and disproportionately large, that Magdalen, anxious as she was, could not repress a smile on taking leave of her traveling companion for the night.

"Aha!" cried Mrs. Wragge, cheerfully; "we'll have that Cashmere Robe to-morrow. Come here! I want to whisper something to you. Just you look at me—I'm going to sleep crooked, and the captain's not here to bawl at me?"

The front-room at the lodgings contained a sofa-bedstead, which the landlady arranged betimes for the night. This done, and the candles brought in, Magdalen was left alone to shape her future course as her own thoughts counseled her.

The questions and answers which had passed in her presence that evening at the stationer's shop led plainly to the conclusion that one day more would bring Noel Vanstone's present term of residence in Vauxhall Walk to an end. Her first cautious resolution to pass many days together in unsuspected observation of the house opposite before she ventured herself inside was entirely frustrated by the turn events had taken. She was placed in the dilemma of running all risks headlong on the next day—or of pausing for a future opportunity, which might never occur. There was no middle course open to her. Until she had seen Noel Vanstone with her own eyes, and had discovered the worst there was to fear from Mrs. Lecount—until she had achieved this double object, with the needful precaution of keeping her own identity carefully in the dark—not a step could she advance toward the accomplishment of the purpose which had brought her to London.

One after another the minutes of the night passed away; one after another the thronging thoughts followed each other over her mind—and still she reached no conclusion; still she faltered and doubted, with a hesitation new to her in her experience of herself. At last she crossed the room impatiently, to seek the trivial relief of unlocking her trunk, and taking from it the few things that she wanted for the night. Captain Wragge's suspicions had not misled him. There, hidden between two dresses, were the articles of costume which he had missed from her box at Birmingham. She turned them over one by one, to satisfy herself that nothing she wanted had been forgotten, and returned once more to her post of observation by the window.

The house opposite was dark down to the parlor. There, the blind, previously raised, was now drawn over the window: the light burning behind it showed her for the first time that the room was inhabited. Her eyes brightened, and her color rose as she looked at it.

"There he is!" she said to herself, in a low, angry whisper. "There he lives on our money, in the house that his father's warning has closed against me!" She dropped the blind which she had raised to look out, returned to her trunk, and took from it the gray wig which was part of her dramatic costume in the character of the North-country lady. The wig had been crumpled in packing: she put it on, and went to the toilet table to comb it out. "His father has warned him against Magdalen Vanstone," she said, repeating the passage in Mrs. Lecount's letter, and laughing bitterly as she looked at herself in the glass. "I wonder whether his father has warned him against Miss Garth? To-morrow is sooner than I bargained for. No matter: to-morrow shall show."

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